

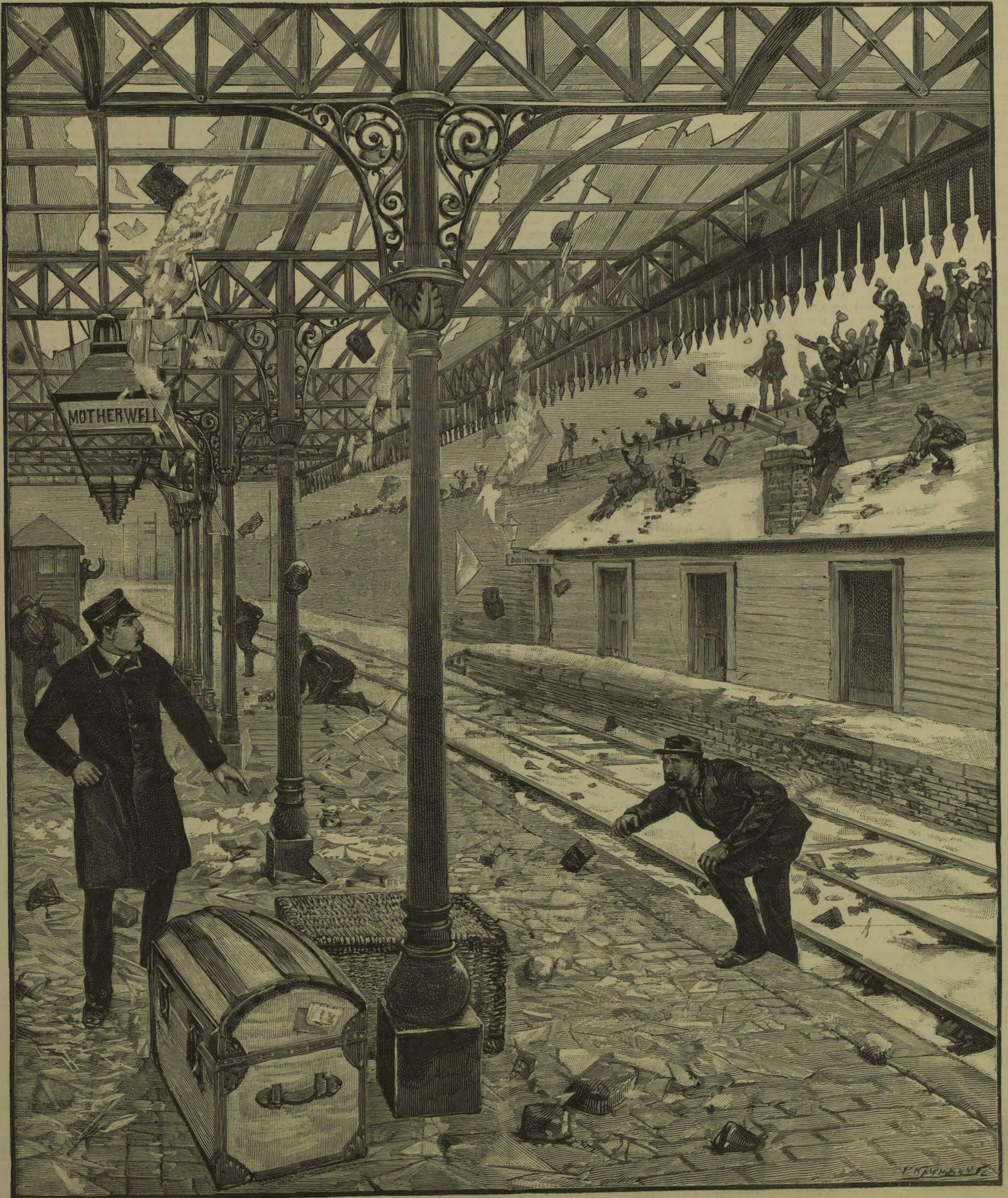
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN SCOTLAND: MOB AT MOTHERWELL WRECKING THE STATION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The phrase "sold for a song" is misleading. A song married to a popular air is the most valuable property—for its length—of which literature can boast. In some cases, as in that of Moore's "Irish Melodies," the poet writes the song to the tune, but, generally speaking, it is the other way. Yet even in this case—if the song inspires the melody—it is the musician who gets the credit. A curious instance of this has lately occurred in the attributing of those stirring songs of Charles Mackay, "Cheer, boys, cheer" and "There is a good time coming, boys," to the composer of their music. It is difficult to overpraise Henry Russell for his part in the transaction; but to ignore the writer of the words seems hardly indeed. Yet nothing is more common, and especially in musical circles, though it is true that really good songs are very seldom sung in them. Performers on the piano are not particular about the words put into their mouths, and the musical composer is often tempted to believe that he has that poetic gift which comes in so very handy, and does away, not indeed with the middleman, but with the first one. If you want to hear different views upon this subject you should ask the opinions of a poet and a composer as to which constitutes the real attraction of the work they have combined to produce—the words or the melody.

As there are some things too good to be true, so there are others that seem too striking and melodramatic. For, however we talk of fact being stranger than fiction, we are well aware that it is not so. The story of the driver of the mail being frozen to death on his cart, though still performing his duties as usual, is an example of this. One knew that the paragraph was not true before one read its contradiction. It was the sort of tale that might have been told of the time of the Great Frost, beside which even that we have lately experienced sinks into the shade, or nearer zero. But even for that there is too much of dramatic incident about it. It has the ghastly air of the old German ballad, and is not like a mere "result of the extreme severity of the weather" at all. It is, indeed, a most striking and tragic story: the man starting in the frost and snow and perishing from exposure; the horse stopping at the usual stations while its driver, stiff and speechless, is commented upon as being "unusually silent." (The same thing, by the way, occurs in one of Dean Ramsay's stories, when the man dies during the drinking bout, and his next neighbour forbears to mention the fact lest it should "disturb the harmony of the evening.") He gives not the customary nod or word of greeting, an omission which is put down to "ill humour." As the horse stops mechanically, so it moves on again at the slamming of the cart-door. It is, indeed, an eerie picture. The frost-bound, snow-covered country; the stiffened figure, with the whip in his hand, that answers not even in coachman fashion to the "good day" of the few that meet him; finally, the arrival of the man at his journey's end, still with the reins in his hand, though he has, in fact, long departed elsewhere on "the unaccompanied way." I have a pretty extensive acquaintance with dramatic stories, but this is new to me. I am told that it appears periodically in severe winters. But where does it originally come from? That it is not the invention of a penny-a-liner is certain.

There is no one so old, says a Latin essayist, but that he thinks he may live a year. Twelve months is plenty of time to "turn about in," and as to giving up our bad habits there is no need, as Dame Quickly says, with such a margin, "to think of such things yet." It would be incredible (if we did not see it every day in the week) how men cling, on the very edge of the grave, not only to those vices of which it has been said "we do not leave them, 'tis they leave us," but to grasping greed and acquisitiveness, which, for their full fruition and enjoyment, require some spare time. In a hospital for incurables, where one's own malady has been pronounced to be of the galloping kind, one would have thought that the personal jewellery of one's fellow-creatures would not be an irresistible temptation; but such, it seems, is not the case. A person in this condition in Vienna has caused "a painful feeling in hospital circles" by stealing a diamond ring from a consumptive patient, who had breathed his last "with his lips fervently kissing that relic of better times." This act must surely have been one of impulse, and not of reflection; not a good impulse, of course, but a good opportunity not to be missed: for if the thief had thought about it, what could be the use to him of a ring he could neither sell nor wear? As it stands, the incident is one of the most striking examples, not only of the ruling passion, but of an absence of sentiment as regards both oneself and one's fellow-creatures, that is almost sublime.

It is a serious matter to hear, as we do from so many quarters, that the supply of charity has failed on account of the new channel it has found for itself in the Salvation Army scheme. Whether that is a mere wastepipe is still to be proved, whereas the societies who are complaining of the falling-off in their subscribers have at least shown themselves worthy of support. The result is in itself deplorable, but not less so than the conviction thus forced upon us, that novelty, and not charity, is the motive that prompts General Booth's new allies. The appeal of "Darkest England," it seems, has gone home neither to their hearts nor to their pockets. It has merely given a new direction to the ordinary and conventional doles which appear in their housekeeping books under the head of "Charities." "I do think, this year, my dear, we will try the General"; just as materfamilias in the autumn says, "Let us try some foreign place," to the exclusion of the familiar places of resort. It is significant that this falling-off is "in the cheques of the well-to-do"; the half-crowns come in as usual, but, unhappily, do not count for much. One has heard from the cynical that the first item in which man retrenches is his charities, and it certainly seems that he has a strong objection to extending them. It is curious, by the-

bye, that, while expressing a proper scorn for the Hebrew who boasted that he gave tithes of all that he possessed, but few well-to-do people bestow nearly that proportion of their incomes on charitable objects; the poor, indeed, do so, whereupon the rich observe, "How much more largely we subscribe!"

In England, where severe frosts are rare, they have been always a source of boasting. In January 1808 we are told with much pride that "the rain froze as it fell" (which it does at this present writing), and that in London the umbrellas were so stiffened that they could not be closed. The last Frost Fair on the Thames was in 1814, when a grand "mall" was made from Blackfriars to London Bridge, lined with booths, and called the "City Road." To read the accounts of it, with its rouge-et-noir tables, and concerts, and blazing fires, with people dancing and drinking round them, one would think it was a very gay affair, whereas, unless he is drunk, it is doubtful whether anybody enjoys a Frost Fair. If you are not in perpetual movement, you are reminded by your extremities of the lowness of the thermometer. A Dutchman is never so pleased as when his silent highways are frozen, but we English are not seriously enamoured of the low-born Zero, and only flirt with her occasionally. Her embraces, both to the old and the young, are fatal, and result in the addition of a second column to the records of "Death" in the *Times*. It is not the green Christmas that makes the full churchyard, but the white one.

It is curious, at this time of day, that the question should have arisen whether it is part of a critic's duty "to discover new men." A critic's duties are difficult to define (or, at all events, much more so than his privileges), but one would think that the discovery in question should be his particular business. Nobody wants Mr. A's opinion upon the comparative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, nor even his view of Mr. Blackmore as a writer of romance. It is evident that he feels a temptation to be superfluous upon these points, but nobody thanks him for giving way to it. His class is similar to that of the "road rider" of the sporting world—a very respectable equestrian, but who never shows the field the way. This is just what "the field" requires in literature. When the gates have been opened and the fences broken down, the critic's services may be dispensed with. One knows pretty well what will be said in this or that periodical about the work of a popular author: some like him and some do not, as is the case with his readers, and notices do not much signify either to him or to them, but the case of a new writer is widely different. To depreciate is easy, but the recognition of unacknowledged merit requires intelligence. As a general rule, the record of criticism in this respect has been deplorable. Any fool is confident enough to be "scathing," but it is only the strong man who dares to praise when there are no credentials. It is only fair to say that modern critics contrast favourably in this particular with their predecessors. The "hebdomadal conferrers of immortality" (as James White called the weekly reviewers) do not fall into such awful holes as the scribes of the old *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*. Their mistakes, it may truly be said, are sooner forgotten; but I think it will not be denied that there is more generosity—more willingness of literary recognition—than there used to be. I call to mind two young men, at all events, whose merits were perceived and acknowledged by more than one of our critics at the first glance—Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling.

Above the conflict that is raging about pronunciation is heard the "rolling of the r." We are told that the omission to roll it is "as flagrant a misdemeanour" as the dropping of the h. It might just as well be said that to be near-sighted is as vulgar as to wink. The usual reason why people do not sound the r, when it ought to be sounded, is because they cannot. The anger of the grammarians is as uncalled for as that of the whist-player who abuses his partner for not returning trumps when he has not got one. As my intelligence grows mature, I have less difficulty with this sonorous letter; but, when I was a boy, I found it absolutely inexpressible. "Wound the wugged wock the wapid wiver wuns" was the nearest approach I could make to that well-known test of pronunciation; but I certainly did not fail through laziness, "because an extra movement of the tongue is required, which it is too much trouble to take." A more monstrous charge was never invented. A dear friend of mine, a divine, used to make his r's not w's but z's. He could never read the text "Ye are of more value than many sparrows" without calling them "spadjoes." He knew it was coming, and used to get very red as he heard it, but he could not help it to save his life. "Now Bazabbas was a zobber" was another difficulty. R was the rock on which his pulpit eloquence split throughout his life. On the other hand, it is true that people who cannot pronounce their r's when they ought to, manage sometimes to do so when they ought not: they can ask for "corfee," though not for the roll to eat with it.

The flutter in the educational dovecote caused by Mr. Weldon's sensible plan of making Greek non-compulsory is sad to behold. A hawk in an aviary would scarcely produce more excitement. It is very natural that persons who have passed their lives in teaching a specialty should struggle to retain it; but their argument that the study will die out if it is made optional is curiously inconsistent with the praises they have been accustomed to heap upon it. There was a time when the press-gang was necessary to recruit our Navy, but it was because the Navy was so very unattractive that nobody would volunteer for it; but Greek, we have been always told, is full of attractions. One well-known scholar writes to ask what he would have been without his Greek—a question difficult to answer, but one might suggest (for one thing) that he might have been less dogmatical. Another inquires, "Where would Keats have been without his Greek?"—a characteristic ignorance, indeed, since we owe that poet's

"Hyperion" to his Lempriere, and his "Sonnet to Homer" to Chapman. It is surely incredible that when all the philosophy that is worth knowing, and all the poetry that can be called such, is embalmed (as has been said over and over again) in this mellifluous tongue, that the study of it will die out if our Universities do not insist upon its being taken up by boys to whom it can be of no sort of service; who painfully acquire, by cubs, the mere rudiments of it for that particular necessity, and never think of it afterwards, save like a bad dream, with a shudder. I am sorry for the schoolmasters, but what has happened partly arises from their fulsome adulation of these Greek gods. They have laid it on with the trowel, and the ordinary reader has discovered the deception. It has been a great mistake, from their point of view, to publish so many translations. The appearance of "Greek Wit" was a shock to thousands: "If that is their wit," said the Uncultured (to himself), "perhaps their wisdom has also been overrated." And if the "Seven against Thebes," instead of appearing in an English dress, had been kept in seclusion—with a chain round its middle, like the bible in our churches in old times—another cat would not have been let out of the bag.

HOME NEWS.

There have been some pleasant breaks in the quiet home life at Osborne. The Queen has been a spectator of some striking *tableaux vivants*, the chief parts in which were sustained by members of the Royal family. The leading idea was the representation of famous pictures and poetic scenes—such as Richter's portrait of Queen Louise of Prussia, reproduced by the Duchess of Connaught; Meissonier's magnificently spirited "La Nixe," in which the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry of Battenberg were the chief figures; and some charming presentations of the "Nibelungen Lied" and the Arthurian Legends, the prettiest of which was Princess Louise as Elaine. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg acted as host and hostess in a ball at Northwood House, lent by Mr. Granville Wood, at which there were 380 guests, the concluding dance being an elaborate cotillon. Princess Beatrice wore cream satin, profusely embroidered with pearls, with a superb diamond tiara. Princess Louise and the Duchess of Connaught were both in pink. Lady Churchill, who acted as a sort of Mistress of the Ceremonies, was in black.

The Prince and Princess of Wales's house party at Sandringham has been a small one. It included the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Lord Hartington, Lord Rowton, Sir Henry James, and Lady Dorothy Nevill, without the last-named of whom no party would be complete. There was a performance by the Garrick Company of "A Pair of Spectacles," the occasion being Prince Albert Victor's twenty-seventh birthday.

Lord and Lady Salisbury gave their annual county ball at Hatfield on Jan. 9. Lord Salisbury long since adorned his house very skilfully with the electric light, the installation being one of the very first in England. There were some charming effects, both in lighting and in flowers. Dancing was in the fine long gallery and the winter dining-room. One of the new attractions of Hatfield is the portrait of the German Emperor, which William II. presented to the Premier during his recent visit to England—a brilliant figure in blue and gold admiral's uniform, very well posed, and extremely handsome in face and figure.

The Marquis of Hartington has concluded his visit to the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, and has arrived at Devonshire House.

The Speaker, who has been staying at Cannes, has greatly improved in health, and has arrived at the Speaker's House, Westminster, for the Session. He will take the Chair at the reopening of Parliament.

No difficulty has been found in obtaining £20,000 for Mr. Balfour's fund for the relief of the Irish distress. The chief subscribers are Unionists, with some Liberal and a good many non-party donations. Mr. Balfour himself is again in Ireland, and though Mr. Parnell has spoken at Limerick, repudiating the Home Rule Bill and reiterating, with precision and detail, his charge of bad faith against Mr. Gladstone in regard to the Hawarden conversation, the crisis is in a quieter stage. The negotiations with Mr. O'Brien hang on rather dimly and feebly, and without definite result. It is understood, however, that Mr. Parnell has finally relinquished all idea of resuming the Irish Leadership. In public, the relations between the two sections are friendly; in private, a good deal of tart repartee passes.

Charles Keene, of *Punch*, who lived a life of absolute simplicity, and whose personal expenses did not exceed £200 a year, died worth £30,000—a sum rather less than Carlyle's moderate fortune.

Truth has published a long and severe examination of the Salvation Army balance-sheet carried down to September 1890, alleging large over-statements of property, the treatment of departmental deficiencies as assets, and the charging of exorbitant rents to the social reform wing. So far as the working out of his social scheme is concerned, "General" Booth meets these criticisms by promising rigid supervision of accounts and a strong overlooking committee, which is to include the Attorney-General, but he declines to share the trust with an outsider. The "Darkest England" fund has reached £94,000, and the Army asks for £130,000 in all for immediate purposes. Meanwhile the London distress continues, described by experts as "severe," but not exceptional, the Bishop of Bedford, who is really the Vicar of East London, organising the Church funds with vigour and sympathetic insight.

Building operations on the Church House will be commenced very shortly. Sir Arthur Blomfield's design includes a magnificent hall for Church society meetings.

Sir Edward Watkin has written as follows to a correspondent with respect to the Channel Tunnel scheme: "We have received the usual notice from the Board of Trade, stating that they will again oppose the Bill; but we intend to persevere, and again bring our project before the House of Commons."

Dr. Harold Browne, the retiring Bishop of Winchester, in a letter acknowledging the parting present received from the people of Farnham, observed that for over a thousand years the town has been closely associated with the Bishops of the diocese. He recalled the fact that St. Swithun, who died in 862, was the first episcopal owner of Farnham Castle, and expressed doubt whether any one of St. Swithun's successors had lived there so constantly during his episcopate as he, Dr. Browne, had done.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW YEAR HONOURS.

Her Majesty the Queen was graciously pleased, on New Year's Day, to confer Peerages of the United Kingdom on Sir Francis Sandford, K.C.B., and Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, Bart.; and to raise four gentlemen—namely, Sir Hercules Robinson, G.C.M.G., Sir Henry Rawlinson, G.C.B., Mr. Thomas Brooks, of Lancashire, and Dr. Richard Quain, M.D., F.R.S.—to the rank of Barons of the United Kingdom. Some nine or ten other gentlemen were knighted, among whom are Sir F. R. Drummond Hay, late Consul-General at Tripoli; Sir H. J. Waring, late Mayor of Plymouth; and Sir Joseph West Ridgeway, Under-Secretary to the Government of Ireland, who becomes K.C.B. A portrait of Sir Hercules Robinson, Bart., who has been Governor of several of the Australian Colonies, and of the Cape of Good Hope, appeared last week.

The Right Hon. Sir Francis Richard Sandford, K.C.B., henceforth Lord Sandford, was educated at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford. He was first class in classics in 1846, and graduated as M.A.; he is also an hon. LL.D. of Glasgow. He was appointed Examiner to the Committee of Council on Education in 1848, and held the important post of Secretary in that Department from 1870 to 1885, when he was appointed the first Under-Secretary for Scotland on the creation of a separate Scotch Department. He was knighted by patent for his services as Secretary to the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862. He married, in 1849, a daughter of Mr. Robert Findlay of Boturich Castle, Dumbarton.

Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, J.P., D.L., of Castleknock, in the county of Dublin, who now assumes the title of Lord Iveagh, was born in 1847. He was formerly a member of the great Dublin firm of brewers. It will be still fresh in the mind of the public that in November 1889 Sir Edward placed in the hands of trustees the sum of £250,000 to be held by them in trust for the erection of dwellings for the labouring poor. Of this sum, £200,000 was to be expended in London and £50,000 in Dublin. This munificent gift will remain as a lasting tribute to his generous philanthropy. Sir Edward married, in 1873, Adelaide Maria, daughter of Mr. Richard Samuel Guinness, M.P. for Deepwell, in the county of Dublin.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, Bart., G.C.B., joined the Bombay Army in 1827, and has thus nearly completed sixty-four years of continued public service. In the early part of his career he filled many important posts in India, Persia, Afghanistan, and Asiatic Turkey, among which were that of Political Agent at Candahar during the first Afghan war, and Resident at Bagdad from 1843 to 1855. Returning to England in 1856, he retired from the Company's service, and was at the same time made a K.C.B. and appointed a Crown Director of the East India Company. Two years later, when the government of India was transferred to the Crown, he formed one of the original members of the Council of India, which replaced the old Direction, and remained in the Council till he was sent on a mission to Persia in 1859 as Envoy and Minister to his Majesty the Shah. On his return from Teheran he entered Parliament as member for Frome, but resigned his seat in 1868, when he was reappointed to the Council of India as a life member, in which position he is still serving. To the public Sir Henry is better known as an antiquarian and Oriental scholar than as an Indian administrator. His cuneiform discoveries have made his name famous throughout the East and West, and literary honours have been showered upon him from almost every country in Europe. In England he has received honorary degrees from all the Universities. Prussia has inscribed his name in the "Order of Merit," France has enrolled him among the members of the Institute (Associé Etranger), and almost every academy and learned society through the length and breadth of the Continent has sent him its diploma. In London he presided over the Geographical Society for many years, and he is still associated in the administration of many kindred institutions. He is a trustee of the British Museum, in the affairs of which he takes the greatest interest. His honours were increased, a short time ago, by his being made a Grand Cross of the Bath (Civil Division).

Sir Richard Quain, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., began his professional life as articled pupil to a surgeon apothecary in Limerick, and at the age of twenty came to London, and entered in January 1837 the medical faculty of University College, where, later on, for five years he held the office of house physician. In 1840 he took the degree of M.B., at the University of London, and in 1843 he was elected a Fellow of University College. He became a member of the Royal College of Physicians of London in 1846, and was nominated by the Queen in Council as a member of the Senate of the University in 1860. He was also appointed a Crown representative by the Queen in Council of the General Medical Council in 1863, and has since been reappointed five times. He took a prominent part in the Royal Commission of 1865, of which Lord Spencer was chairman, on the subject of rinderpest, and is the author of several important medical and scientific works.

Sir Thomas Brooks, Bart., of Crawshaw Hall, Lancashire, and Whatton House, Loughborough, is a son of the late Mr. John Brooks of Crawshaw, and was born in 1825. He married, in 1851, Catherine, daughter of Mr. John Jones of Shakerley Hall, Shropshire. He is a J.P. and D.L. for the county of Lancaster, and in 1884 served the office of High Sheriff of the same county. Mr. Brooks has acted as the chairman of Lord Hartington's election committee in Rossendale at and since the election of 1886.

The Portrait of Sir Edward Guinness is from a photograph by Messrs. Werner and Son, Dublin; Sir Henry Rawlinson's, by Elliott and Fry, Baker-street; Sir Richard Quain's, by G. Jerrard, Claudet Studio, Regent-street.

THE SCOTCH RAILWAY STRIKE.

The unhappy dispute with the great Scotch Railway Companies—the North British, the Caledonian, and the Glasgow and South-Western, many hundreds of whose men, engaged in working the traffic, had struck for a reduction of the hours of service and other demands—was in the fourth week of its continuance in the middle of January, and we cannot yet say when it will be settled. The scenes of violence and tumult at Motherwell, near Glasgow, when the Caledonian Railway Company, having taken new men into its employment, legally ejected some of the men on strike, with their wives and families, from buildings erected by the Company to provide lodging for its own servants, were briefly described last week. Two further Illustrations, from our Artist's sketches, are now presented—one showing the police and cavalry soldiers, on guard at the railway bridge, keeping at bay a mob of some thousands; the other representing constables of the Lancashire county police, drafted thither to assist those in Scotland, watching over the safety of the station. The damage which the rioters did on Monday, Jan. 5, was estimated at £200; the signal-box was wrecked and destroyed. Large meetings of the men on strike have been held in several towns,

and have been addressed by Mr. John Burns, of London. The goods and minerals traffic has been greatly interrupted, but the passenger traffic, with some delays and inconveniences, has been maintained. The men in the service of the Glasgow and South-Western Company have mostly returned to their work.

THE LATE PROFESSOR MARSHALL.

Mr. John Marshall, F.R.S., President of the General Medical Council, and Professor of Anatomy at the Royal Academy, died on Jan. 1, at his house in Cheyne-walk, to which he had removed from Savile-row. He was born at Ely in 1818, and studied medicine at University College Hospital, where he was elected on the surgical staff, and ultimately was consulting surgeon. He was also Professor of Surgery at University College, consulting surgeon to the Consumption Hospital at Brompton, past president of the Royal College of Surgeons and of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society. He was the



THE LATE PROFESSOR MARSHALL.

representative of the Royal College of Surgeons on the General Medical Council, and, on the retirement of Sir Henry Acland from the presidency, was elected to the vacant office. Mr. Marshall's contributions to surgical literature, though not numerous, were of high merit and value.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. G. Jerrard, Regent-street.

ALASKA AND THE BEHRING SEA.

The troublesome dispute with the United States Government—whose overreaching diplomatic action is not generally approved by American public opinion—concerning the common right of all nations to pursue the capture of seals in the open sea at the legal distance of three miles from the shores of Alaska and of the neighbouring isles, seems now likely to be settled by a judicial decision. An appeal was made, with the consent of the Canadian Government, to the Supreme Court of the United States, which is perfectly independent of party influences, against the decision of a Court at Sitka condemning one of the Canadian sealing-vessels. It is probable that the final judgment of the Supreme Court will negative the pretension set up by Mr. Blaine, the American Secretary of State, to a territorial jurisdiction over the Behring Sea. The inconsistency of this claim on behalf of the United States Government, which purchased Alaska, or Russian America, from the Russian Empire in 1867, has been sufficiently exposed, for the attempt of Russia to set up a claim of that kind was strenuously and effectually resisted by the United States on several former occasions, and Lord Salisbury has made good use of this argument in the recent controversy, which, it is hoped, will soon be closed. Our Government had warned Mr. Blaine that the seizure of British vessels in the open sea would be resisted by our naval force, but had offered to go to an arbitration.

Our Map shows the Behring Sea, with the opposite countries of Asia and America, and, on the American side, the peninsula called "Alaska" to distinguish it from "Alaska," which is the name applied to the whole mainland territory belonging to the United States. Beyond Mount St. Elias, which is marked at the right-hand side of this Map, the continental coast-line turns southward, and the Alaska territory includes a good strip of the country down this coast, with adjacent islands, extending several hundreds of miles, to latitude nearly 53 North, where it meets the Canadian Dominion—that is to say, British Columbia—on the opposite side of Queen Charlotte's Sound. To the east of the Alaska boundary line is the vast wilderness still occupied by the Hudson Bay Company, traversed by the great Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean. None of the places shown in our Views and Sketches—Portland Channel, sometimes called Portland Canal, which divides Prince of Wales Island from the British territory—Juneau City, or Prince Frederick Sound, or Port Snettisham, or Port Simpson—will be found on the Map herewith presented. They lie far to the east of its limits, and are not directly mixed up with the seal-catching dispute, except that the American Alaska Commercial Company has fishing and trading stations at some of those places; and Sitka, which also does not appear in our Map, is the administrative headquarters.

The question now at issue concerns only the freedom of the Behring Sea, which must certainly be regarded as part of the North Pacific Ocean, not as a "mare clausum," like the Black Sea between Europe and Asia. This sea was first explored in 1741 by the Russian navigator Behring, who sailed from Kamchatka, was wrecked, and perished on a small island. Between 1790 and 1798 the Russians occupied Alaska and some of the islands. A glance at the map shows how far the Behring Sea is enclosed, to the south-east by the "Alaska" peninsula and the Aleutian Islands. The extreme distance from Attu, the farthest west of these islands, to the most easterly boundary of Alaska is over 2000 miles, while Alaska extends about 1200 miles from south

to north. But the valuable fur-seal fishery is almost confined to one part of Behring Sea; on and around the Pribylov Islands, which are 180 miles from the mainland. These islands, St. Paul's and St. George's and two others, have been leased to the Alaska Company by the American Government. The fur-seals assemble here in summer by millions; they are killed, often two or three hundred thousand in the season, June and July, not by shooting, but simply by knocking them on the head, and are then skinned, each skin being worth seven dollars. The object of the American lessees of those islands is to prevent the seals being captured at sea. Another pursuit, the hunting of the sea-otter, whose skin may be worth a hundred dollars, has greatly declined, from the scarcity of these animals. The hair-seal and the walrus abound on the shores of Alaska, but are much less profitable.

We are obliged to the Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society for the loan of photographs, and for an opportunity of consulting American official Reports and other books, from which a great deal of exact information may be obtained; but space does not allow us to give more of the subject this week.

THE INDIAN RISING IN NORTH AMERICA.

The expected desperate battle in the neighbourhood of the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, with the hostile bands of Sioux warriors, had not come to pass on Jan. 13, the date of our latest news. It appeared, on the contrary, that they would surrender to General Miles, commanding the United States troops. On the day before that mentioned, coming out from the "Badlands," their rocky fastness, men, women, and children, to the number of seven thousand, they approached the line kept by the military, and pitched their tents, keeping their horses and arms ready, but not inviting an attack. General Miles very wisely and humanely sent them a supply of food, which was accepted, but he surrounded them with a cordon of troops. A conference was appointed with a view to peace, which may be concluded by the time this meets the reader's eye. The two "braves" riding away from the Reservation, in our Artist's drawing, may return without a chance of fighting and scalping; so much the better for all.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: The Archbishop of York, Japanese Parliament, "My Danish Sweetheart," Salvation Army Social Scheme, Flying South, Burmah Native Regiments, Dutchwomen Going to Market, Golf, From the Thames to Siberia, a Slovak Village Maiden.

A novel idea for an exhibition is about to be carried out in Milan, where a committee is preparing for an International Exhibition of Children's Toys.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, only son of the Duke of Connaught, K.G., and grandson of Queen Victoria, was eight years of age on Jan. 13.

A committee, under the presidency of Lord Fitzwilliam, has been appointed to collect subscriptions for "some worthy memorial of the life, character, and work" of the late Archbishop Thomson.

Sarah Hayter, a widow living in Frowde's Almshouses, Salisbury, died on Jan. 12 at the age of 103. Her sight and hearing were somewhat defective, but her intellect was clear. She had been compelled to keep to her bed only for a few days. Her custom was to go to bed very early in the evening, and to rise at about half past seven in the morning.

The census which has just been taken in Vienna reckons the population of the capital, including the suburbs, at 809,443, which makes an increase of 104,687 since 1880. The population of the whole district included in "Greater Vienna" is over 1,400,000. The garrison of 22,000 men is not computed in this total.

The centenary of the death of Mozart falls on Dec. 5 of the present year; and in Vienna and various German cities the date will be observed by special representations of one or other of Mozart's operas. It has been proposed to celebrate the centenary in this country with a simultaneous performance by choral societies throughout the United Kingdom of the "Requiem" or one of the Masses.

A curious phenomenon has recently been seen on the sea at Folkestone. A ship laden with oil sank in collision off Hythe, and the sea was covered with oil. This produced a strange effect upon the wild fowl, which were plentiful in the severe weather. Wild duck, teal, and other birds were easily caught, as they appeared to be unable to fly because of their plumage being saturated with oil.

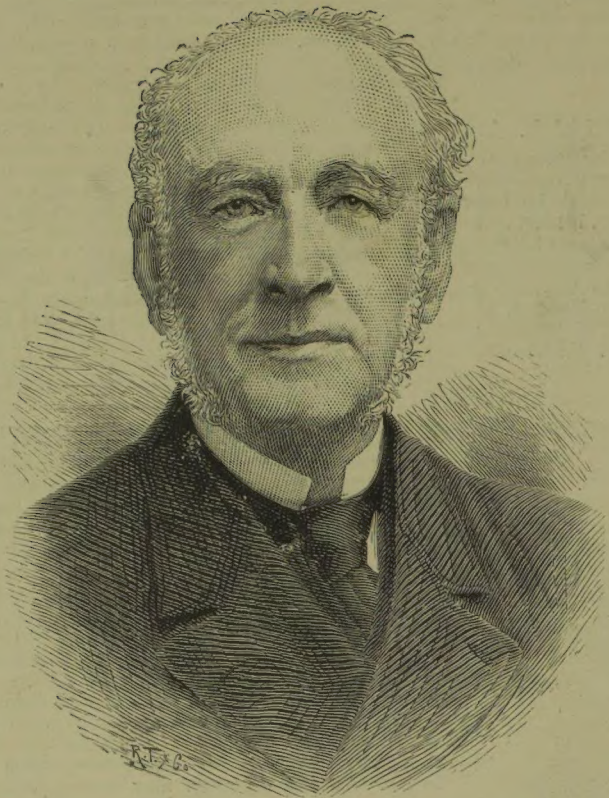
The presidents of the British, the German, and the American Institutes of Archaeology in Athens have addressed to Dr. Schliemann's widow a letter of condolence, acknowledging the eminent services rendered by the deceased savant to our knowledge of antiquity. Mme. Schliemann has expressed the intention of continuing the excavations at Hissarlik, which are to be carried out, in accordance with the plans laid down by her late husband, under the direction of the learned German architect and archaeologist Dr. Dörpfeld.

Messrs. Dowdeswell have recently acquired a very fine and little-known work by Jean François Millet, which was sold to a Belgian lady about twenty years ago at the dispersal of the painter's effects, and has since remained unseen by the public. The subject is a shepherdess surrounded by her flock, standing in full relief against a beautifully tinted evening sky, in which the sun itself is just veiled by a passing cloud. The picture was not quite finished at the painter's death; but Millet's work was so systematic and regulated that he almost invariably sketched the whole outline—even of subordinate figures—with a broad pen, and, having once arranged his scheme, seldom modified it. The result in the present instance is practically a complete work, from which the etcher will have no difficulty in translating one of the painter's most simple, and at the same time most poetical, compositions. "La Bergère" will not, perhaps, attract as many devotees as "Le Moissonneur," but we anticipate that in its etched state it will take its place in the first rank of Millet's works.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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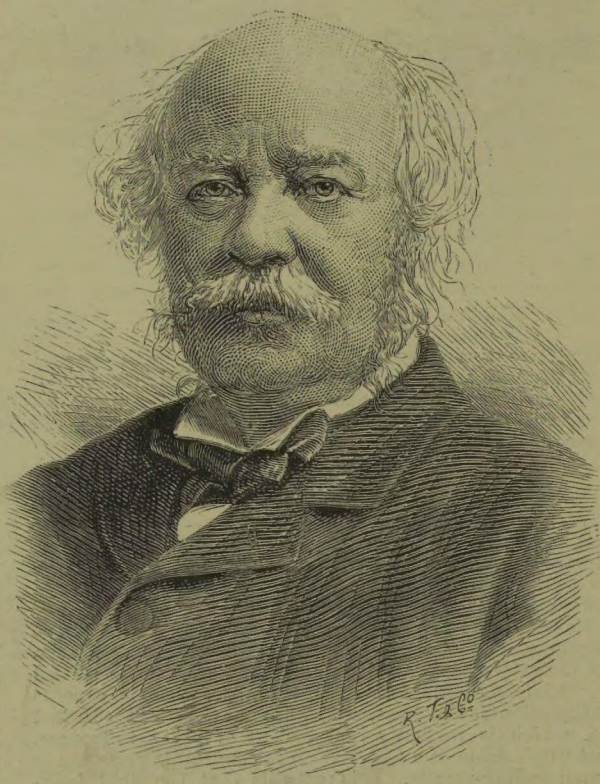
LORD SANDFORD (SIR FRANCIS SANDFORD, K.C.B.)



LORD IVEAGH (SIR E. C. GUINNESS, BART.)



SIR RICHARD QUAIN, BART., M.D., F.R.S.



SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, BART., G.C.B., F.R.S.

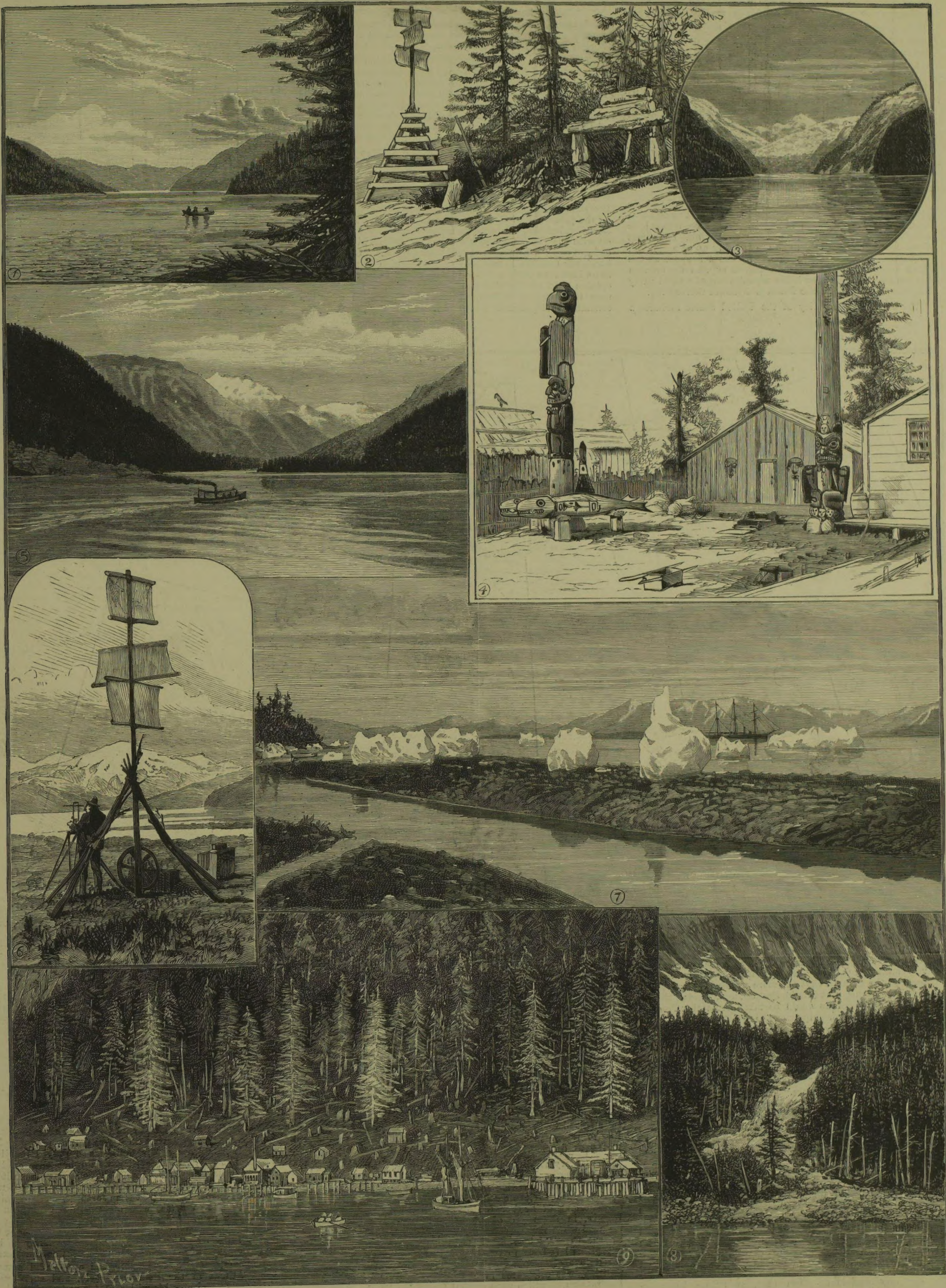


SIR THOMAS BROOKS, BART.

NEW YEAR HONOURS: PEERAGES AND BARONETCIES.



THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN SCOTLAND: POLICE AND MILITARY AT THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, MOTHERWELL.



1. Portland Channel, looking up from Falls at Bluff Point.
4. House and Totems of Tongass Chief, at Tongass Pass, near Port Simpson.
7. Steamer in the Ice, Brown Cove, Frederick Sound.

2. The "Bay" Signal, Astronomical Station, Entrance to Halibut Bay, with Ancient Indian Grave.
5. Salmon River Valley.
8. Mountain Torrent, "North Arm," Port Snettisham.

3. Mouth of Speel River, Port Snettisham, from the "West Base" Signal.
6. Main Arm of Port Snettisham.
9. Juneau City, Alaska.

VIEWS IN ALASKA AND ON THE COASTS OF THE BEHRING SEA.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The excitement caused at the beginning of the year on both sides of the Atlantic by alarmist telegrams from America about the Behring Sea Fisheries question has subsided as quickly as it was produced, and the wonder is how, and why, people got excited about news and despatches at least six months old. It is gratifying to hear that, in well-informed circles at Washington, an amicable agreement is not only expected, but expected shortly. The latest news about the American-Indian difficulty is much more satisfactory. The Indians were being gradually surrounded by the United States soldiers, and the circle was getting narrower every day; but the possibility of a fight was becoming hourly more and more remote, and it was expected that the difficulties would be settled in a few days. It is said that the cause of the rebellion is that last year the amount of beef distributed to the Indians had been reduced by one fifth, with the result that to keep themselves from starvation they had to kill their private stock. Hence their discontent and the present troubles.

A circular issued by Grand Master Workman Powderly calls upon all industrial associations in the States to assist in forming a National Reform Industrial Conference, which it is intended to hold at Washington during the spring. The object of the conference is stated to be the drawing up of a political programme which industrial operatives could support at the polls; but some of the American papers express the opinion that the real object in view is the organisation of a third party such as was proposed at the Farmers' Alliance Convention.

The Protectionist policy of the United States includes a

Cumberland, as heir of the late King of Hanover, a sum of £2,500,000 sterling, being the amount of this fund.

On Jan. 25 the christening of the Emperor's sixth son, who was born last December, will take place at Berlin. The infant Prince's sponsors, it is said, will be the King of Italy, the Queen-Regent of Holland, and Field-Marshal Count Moltke.

A committee, headed by Herr von Bleichroeder, has been formed in Berlin for promoting the German Exhibition to be held at Earl's Court next summer.

The French loan of \$69,000,000, issued on Jan. 10, was subscribed for sixteen and a half times over—that is to say, instead of an instalment of 141,000,000f. only, 2,340,000,000f. were deposited, one large financial establishment alone having applied for double the loan, and another bank for the entire amount required. The same day Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was, by 27 votes out of 31, elected a correspondent of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

M. Ribot, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, is reported to have written to M. La Chambre, Deputy for St. Malo, who desired to know if French fishermen would be protected by the French Navy during the coming Newfoundland fishing season, and if the *modus vivendi* would be renewed on the same basis as 1889, that the French seamen could count on the protection of the officer commanding the French Naval Division, but that the present negotiations now being carried on with the British Government did not permit him to give a definite reply with regard to the *modus vivendi*. On the other hand, Sir Charles Dilke, who passed through Paris recently, in an interview with a Parisian journalist has expressed the opinion that the Newfoundland question is a serious one; that the interests of France cannot be reconciled with the constant development of Newfoundland, and that, one day, the

successful engagements with the natives in Senegal.—From Morocco it is announced that Sir W. Kirby Green, the British Minister, had gone on a special mission to the Sultan, and had been very well received in Morocco city on Dec. 27 last.

The Italian Anarchists have held a congress at Switzerland. Their programme includes, among other things, the establishment of communications with the allied parties, an Anarchist International Federation, and the organisation of a general agitation on May 1.

In South America things are very unsettled. A revolution has broken out in Chile, and in the Argentine disturbances may occur at any moment. A telegram from the British Minister at Buenos Ayres states that foreign companies are to be heavily taxed in future. Insurance companies have each to pay 20,000 dollars yearly, and to deposit 200,000 dollars as guarantee. All import duties are to be paid in gold or its equivalent, the premium thereon not to exceed 200.

SOME NOTES ON DR. SCHLIEMANN.

Dr. Schliemann was so ardent an admirer of Homer that he resolved to marry a lady who should thoroughly understand and appreciate the great poet. He is said to have visited the best Greek school with the desire of discovering the most enthusiastic lover of Homer among its inmates. It is added that Mlle. Sophie Kastromeno having recited many passages from Homer with "good accent and discretion," Dr. Schliemann forthwith made her the offer of his hand and heart. This report, which reminds one of the prince's trying on the glass slipper, has, no doubt, its origin in the fact that Mrs. Schliemann is a woman of exceptional erudition. Besides a perfect knowledge of Greek, Mrs. Schliemann knows nearly every modern language, and those who heard her lecture in



MAP OF THE BEHRING SEA AND PART OF ALASKA.

Bill for subsidising American-built ships, which is being discussed in the House of Representatives, where it has given rise to very animated debates. This measure is being violently opposed, on the grounds that the more protection is given the more it is asked for, that it is ineffectual, and, besides, that by this Bill 5,000,000 dollars would be taken from the Treasury for the benefit of a few shipowners.

Under the American Customs regulations undervaluing goods is a dangerous and costly offence. The agents of a foreign firm have just been made to pay £1400 added duty for undervaluing imported gloves, and will lose, it is said, something like £80,000 by the decision of the Court which has tried the case.

Millet's well-known picture "L'Angelus" is now on its way back to France from America, where it failed to find a purchaser. There was no undervaluing in this case, but just the reverse. M. Chauchard, of Paris, has bought the picture from the American syndicate which had secured it eighteen months ago, so that the patriotic Frenchmen who abused their Government for not buying it when it was put up for sale will now feel happy at the thought that Millet's masterpiece will not adorn the walls of the mansion of some American millionaire.

From Halle comes a new version of the origin of the difference between William II. and Prince Bismarck. This time it is said that the rupture was brought about by Dr. Simson, the president of the Leipzig tribunal, who represented to the Emperor the danger of proceeding against Dr. Geffcken on the charge of treason. Probably, in a week or two, another story will be sprung on a credulous world, which, however, will never believe that the Emperor got rid of his Chancellor for the very sufficient reason that, as Prince Bismarck himself once said, he would be his own Chancellor. In any case, William II. is known to entertain, on many subjects, views which are completely at variance with those of Prince Bismarck, and he has in several instances reversed the latter's policy. A fresh example of this is to be found in the decision said to have been taken by the Emperor with regard to the Guelph Fund, which was confiscated by Prince Bismarck in 1866. By his Majesty's order, a Bill is to be introduced into the Prussian Landtag for restoring to the Duke of

Colonists, being unable to obtain a settlement of the question, will take the law into their own hands. Sir Charles Dilke, therefore, thinks that an early settlement is essential. What this settlement is to be Sir Charles Dilke did not even hint at; but from a conversation which M. de Lareinty, a member of the Senate, has had with M. Ribot, we know what it is not to be. On no account will the French Government accept a pecuniary compensation.

M. Ribot's letter announcing to the Customs Commission his intention to denounce the treaties of commerce, which expire on Feb. 1, 1892, has just been published. All treaties are to be denounced, except those relating to navigation, the status of foreign residents and consuls, and literary property, and those commercial conventions which only stipulate the treatment of the most favoured nation. This is not supposed to affect British interests, as this country's treaties with France relate to navigation and the most-favoured-nation treatment only.

Sir Henry Loch and Mr. Cecil Rhodes were to leave the Cape for England on Jan. 14. Both are coming to assist in the negotiations between England and Portugal for the settlement of the South African question, which will be helped by the appointment of Senhor L. de Soveral as Minister to Great Britain, in the room of Senhor Barjona de Freitas, who resigned when the Convention negotiated by him was rejected by the Cortes. The first detachment of the Mozambique expedition left Lisbon on Jan. 15. On the previous Saturday a religious ceremony, praying for the protection of the expedition, was celebrated in the Church of Our Lady of the Incarnation, at which were present Queen Amelia, the Dowager Queen Maria Pia, and a number of Portuguese officials of high rank.

From Africa there is little of interest to be recorded, with the exception of the news of Emin Pasha's return to the coast, and of Tippoo Tib's departure for Zanzibar.—Disturbances have occurred at Lamu, whither the British Consul has proceeded in a gun-boat, but the matter seems to be devoid of importance.—Major Wissmann is reported to be in bad health.—On the West Coast of Africa the French have had several

London on Greek culture will remember that there was nothing in the fair lecturer's style or accent to betray that she was a foreigner.

Not content with changing his wife's name of Sophie to a more Homeric-sounding one, and naming his children Andromache and Agamemnon, Dr. Schliemann never allowed his servants to retain their "barbarous" names, but bestowed on them all names taken from the Iliad or the Odyssey: indeed, he carried this mania so that he once startled the passengers on board a Messageries boat by asking the waiter who stood behind his chair what was his Christian name. Being informed that it was "Jean," Schliemann exclaimed, "Non! pas Jean, mais Ulysse!" On that same voyage he was everlastingly reciting Homer to his wife, who, being a very bad sailor, tried to make him grasp that there was a season even for Homer. But all to no purpose. The exhilarating effect of the sea still found vent in impassioned passages from Homer. In her despair, Mrs. Schliemann prayed to all the gods of Mount Olympus that they would but once send her husband a touch of the *mal de mer*. One day, when it was more than usually rough, Dr. Schliemann was obliged to lie down and be silent. From that time forth he never declaimed Homer but on terra firma, where his wife's enthusiasm was as great as his own. Indeed, Mrs. Schliemann was in every way a fitting helpmate for her husband, and accompanied him in all his researches. She was said by many to be a better connoisseur of antiquities than Dr. Schliemann himself.

Some years ago Dr. Schliemann had a splendid mansion built at Athens in the Pompeian style, and surnamed it "Hyoú Méyapov"; and now his will contains instructions that a handsome mausoleum be raised to him at Athens in the style of Pompeii. Dr. Schliemann leaves his collection of antiquities to the Berlin Museum.

Although divorced from his first wife, Dr. Schliemann leaves her 100,000f. He also leaves to each of his sons by his first marriage 50,000f. and two houses in Paris. With the exception of the mansion at Athens, which is left to his wife, and of a few legacies to friends and relatives, the whole of his fortune is left to the two children of his second marriage, Andromache and Agamemnon.

PERSONAL.

Lord Salisbury has, in his choice of Dr. Magee as Archbishop Thomson's successor, once more given proof of the wisdom with which he directs that part of the Church's destinies which has fallen—and, as it has chanced, very liberally fallen—to his share. Dr. Magee was, perhaps, the one living Churchman who was clearly marked out for the second greatest prize in his profession. He represents what may be called the sane and solid traditions of the English Church, as his neighbour, the new Bishop of Durham, stands for the element of saintliness, of intellectual and moral strenuousness, which also belongs to it. It is some little time, perhaps, since the new Archbishop has given a thoroughly characteristic display of his powers as an orator, of that wonderful command of fluent and impressive speech which, in the forgotten debates on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, marked him, with Lord Cairns, as the most accomplished speaker of his day, just as his sermons on the same subject, as Dean of Cork, gave him the position of its most brilliant preacher. His square, strong face, rather paler than of yore, is still occasionally to be seen in his place in the House of Lords; and last Session he was an earnest forwarder of the measure for the protection of children against reckless insurance. His administration of his own diocese has been vigorous, though broken by a long spell of ill-health. Lord Salisbury has, by this appointment, coming after that to the deanery of Norwich, again shown his desire to recognise what Matthew Arnold would have called the "remnant" of able Irishmen who have upheld the fortunes of the Protestant Church in the sister isle.

While Dr. Magee goes to York, Canon Gregory's place at St. Paul's is filled by Dr. Browne, a familiar figure in Cambridge circles, where he has played a double part—as leader of the conservative forces in University life, and as an able and energetic advocate of University extension.

It is getting to be an old cry that men of wealth and position are dropping out of politics. The Hartlepool election does not show this tendency—if, indeed, it exists. Sir William Gray, the Unionist candidate, belongs to the type of great merchant-adventurers—the Guinneses, the Salts, the Peases—who have linked their names with the fortunes of a town. West Hartlepool practically owes its existence to him. He was its first Mayor, its first and only Knight. He made other men's fortunes as well as his own, and in the united townships his position is easily that of first Burgess. Curiously enough, his political record is purely Liberal and Nonconformist. He is still a member of the Liberation Society, and of the United Kingdom Alliance, so that his acceptance by a section of the Conservative voters involves some little strain on old party ties. In a somewhat lesser degree the Gladstonian candidate, Mr. Christopher Furness, is a man of large local eminence. He is the owner of a line of steamships running to tens of thousands of tons. Barring the Irish question, his politics run on all fours with those of his opponent, and his character is equally high.

Character in Irish politics seems somewhat more unevenly distributed. Mr. Parnell, whose mastery of men, absence of scruple, and almost weird tenacity of character have again been conspicuously illustrated in his Limerick speech, still has his opponents at a disadvantage. He retains his mastery of the Paris funds of the party, he has detached Mr. O'Brien from Mr. McCarthy's lead, and has induced him to decline the editorship of the new Irish daily rival to the rich and powerful *Freeman*, with its steady advertising connection and prosperous past. This is a serious blow to the Nationalists, for, barring Mr. Healy, Mr. O'Brien is the most brilliant of Irish journalists on the Nationalist side, and the nomination of Mr. Sexton, as political director in his place, will not adequately replace him. Mr. Sexton, though an orator of great, if unequal, power, lacks many of the gifts of the journalist. The title of the new paper, for which offices have been chosen in Dublin, will probably be the *Nation*, Mr. T. D. Sullivan's paper bearing that title being absorbed in the new venture. An alternative title has been proposed in the *Irish News*.

The City hero of the hour is Mr. Lidderdale, the Governor of the Bank of England, who conducted the historic interview with Lord Salisbury, at which the Prime Minister was induced to come to the rescue of Baring's. Accounts differ as to what happened on that occasion, but it is known that Mr. Lidderdale's arguments were successful in persuading Lord Salisbury—who was at the outset strongly set against interference—to meet the greatest financial disaster of the century. It is a trifle irritating to old shareholders in "Overend, Gurney's" to remember that it was the Bank of England's refusal to discount some excellent bills presented on the eve of the great crash which brought about the ruin of that firm. Mr. Lidderdale's diplomacy was more successful, and the City thinks that he should have been made a baronet at least.

England every now and then is honoured with a fresh recruit from the army of refugees which dribbles over from the Continent. The latest of these arrivals are M. and Mme. Mendelsohn, who are credited by the Paris police with having supplied Padlewski with funds, and who were warned some time ago that if any further trouble occurred they would have to leave Paris. Since their arrival in England they have been fêted at the Café Monico. Their career is not without a flavour of romantic interest. M. Mendelsohn, who is a man of about thirty-eight, is a Polish Jew by extraction, who has devoted the large fortune he inherited from his father to forwarding the interests of his countrymen and of revolutionary politics in Europe. One of his chief ventures is the issue of a Polish paper called the *Class War*, which is secretly spirited across the frontiers and distributed from hand to hand, solely at M. Mendelsohn's cost. Both he and his wife have suffered imprisonment, and their joint lives have been spent in the whirl of dangerous and exciting movement which makes up the lot of men and women of their type.

The great Irish storm has caused some sympathetic ripples in English politics. There have been rumours that some of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues have been none too satisfied with the present outlook of affairs. The statesman to whom the popular finger has especially pointed as having been in more or less temporary retirement in his home in the New Forest is Sir William Harcourt. It is known that Sir William is not pleased with the course things have taken. He now writes to say that he is absolutely loyal to Mr. Gladstone's leadership, and is thoroughly in line with his party. Of which things we shall know more soon.

The turning-point of the Scottish railway strike may possibly prove to be the rejection of the terms of compromise offered by Mr. Haldane, M.P., who succeeded in persuading the men to allow him to eliminate some of their demands and to present some others in a modified form. Mr. Haldane has some qualities which fit him very well for the post of arbitrator. He has good, if a little too reserved, manners, and bears a very high character, and, though

he is the youngest of Queen's Counsel, has one of the largest and most lucrative practices at the Bar. In politics he plays a fairly active, though rarely a very prominent, part. He is a Liberal who especially attaches himself to Mr. John Morley's lead, and is practically his working lieutenant. He is anti-Socialist, with a growing taste for advanced measures on the land question in England and Scotland. His speeches are a trifle too philosophic in form, but they are thoughtful, and show ideas. Mr. Haldane is a bachelor, and with a Liberal Government in power has a fair outlook on a Judgeship.

The last volume of the delightful correspondence between Princess Lieven and the great Earl Grey, which has just been given to the world, adds to the pleasant picture which it presents of a good, gentle, high-souled, and fair-minded man. Madame de Lieven was a charming, impressionable Russian, who hated her own country, loved to dabble in politics, knew England well, and loved it and its people with her whole heart. Grey poured out much of his sober, steadfast mind to her, though he would often decline to talk politics, and would tell her no State secrets. Every now and then he condescends to a bit of gossip, as in the following story about Lady Jersey:—

The other night in the House of Lords the gallery was nearly full before she arrived. But she bowed her way, pushing people to the right and left, and among others a poor girl who went into hysterics. When she got near the wife of the Bishop of Derry, Lady Grey's sister-in-law, she desired her to make way. She replied in the mildest way—and she really is the most gentle and best-bred person in the world—that it was not in her power. Lady Jersey then said, "But at any rate you have no right to wear a bonnet," caught hold of the ribbon by which it was tied, and pulled it off. This is the fact without exaggeration. Did you ever hear of such conduct, except among the *poissardes* of Paris and London?

So Haussmann is dead. He lived into the nineties, a quiet old man, passionately attached to his wife, whom he quickly followed to the grave. He made modern Paris, and gave to the world the finest business street in it (the Rue de Rivoli), the finest city pleasure-ground (the Bois de Boulogne), and the prettiest little city park (the Parc Monceau), as well as a great central plan of architecture suggesting space, beauty, light, and cheerfulness. He was a great favourite of the Empress, and largely ruled the Emperor, generally for his good.

OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

The Most Noble Sir Archibald Henry Algernon St. Maur, Duke of Somerset and Baron Seymour of Hache, in the county of Somerset, in the Peerage of England, and a Baronet, died on Jan. 10, at his seat, Berry Pomeroy, near Totnes, Devon. He was born Dec. 30, 1810, the second son of Edward Adolphus, eleventh Duke of Somerset, by the

Lady Charlotte Douglas-Hamilton, his wife, second daughter of the ninth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and succeeded to the honours and representation of the great and historic house of Seymour, on the death of his brother, Edward Adolphus, twelfth Duke, K.G., on Nov. 28, 1885. His Grace was educated at Eton. He was a Deputy Lieutenant for Leicestershire, and served as High Sheriff for that county in 1844. As he was never married, he is, consequently, succeeded by his brother, Lord Algernon Percy Banks St. Maur, now fourteenth Duke of Somerset, who was born Dec. 22, 1813, and was formerly a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards. He married, May 17, 1845, Horatia Isabella Harriet, second daughter of the late Mr. John Philip Morier, her Majesty's Minister at Dresden, and has issue four sons. The Dukedom of Somerset ranks next to, and immediately after, that of Norfolk, having been created in 1547.

LORD DE SAUMAREZ.

The Right Hon. Sir John St. Vincent Saumarez, Baron de Saumarez, in the island of Guernsey, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and a Baronet, died on Jan. 8, at his residence, 41, Princesgate, S.W. His Lordship was born May 23, 1806, the third son of Admiral Sir James Saumarez, G.C.B., a distinguished naval officer, and second in command at the battle of the Nile, who was created a Baronet in 1801 for his gallant action against a French and Spanish fleet on the coast of Spain, and was afterwards, in 1831, raised to the Peerage as Baron de Saumarez. The nobleman whose decease we record was educated at Harrow and at Sandhurst, and entered the Rifle Brigade in 1824, from which he retired as Colonel in 1854. His Lordship, who succeeded to the title on the death of his brother in 1863, without issue, married twice—first, July 2, 1838, Caroline Esther, eldest daughter of the late Mr. William Rhodes of Bramhope Hall, Yorkshire, which lady died July 15, 1846; and secondly, April 13, 1850, Margaret Antoinette, fourth daughter of the late Mr. William Hopkyns Northey of Oving House, Bucks, and leaves issue. His Lordship's eldest son, by his first marriage, James St. Vincent, now fourth Baron de Saumarez, was born July 17, 1843, and is a Second Secretary in the Diplomatic service. He married, Oct. 10, 1882, Jane Anne, eldest daughter of the late Captain Charles Acton Broke, Royal Engineers, and has one son and three daughters. The family of Saumarez is of great antiquity in Guernsey.

GENERAL MAITLAND, C.B.

General Charles Lennox Brownlow Maitland, C.B., Colonel 1st Battalion the Duke of Edinburgh's Wiltshire Regiment, died on Jan. 5 at his residence, The Lea, near Crookham, Hants, aged sixty-seven. He was the eldest son of the late General Sir Peregrine Maitland, G.C.B., by his wife, Lady Sarah Lennox, second daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He entered the Grenadier Guards as Ensign in 1841, and became Captain in 1846, in which year he served as Military Secretary to Sir Peregrine Maitland in the campaign against the Kaffirs. In 1854, being promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, he served with distinction as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General to the 4th Division in the Eastern Campaign, including the battles of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and the siege of Sebastopol. In the latter engagement he was dangerously wounded. He became Major-General in 1868, Lieut.-General in 1877, and

General in 1881. For his services he received a medal with four clasps, the Legion of Honour, the 5th Class of the Medjidieh and the Turkish medal, and was made a Companion of the Bath in 1876. The deceased General was Lieut.-Governor of Chelsea Hospital 1868 to 1874, and Lieutenant of the Tower of London 1876 to 1884, and was a J.P. for the Tower Liberty. He was unmarried.

ADMIRAL STOPFORD.

Admiral Robert Fanshawe Stopford, R.N., died on Jan. 4 at his residence, near Richmond, Surrey. He was born Dec. 19, 1811, the eldest son of the late Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. (third son of James, second Earl of Courtown, K.P.), by his wife, Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Fanshawe. He entered the Royal Navy in 1824, and, after serving in the Baltic and Mediterranean, he received his promotion as Commander of the Phoenix in 1838, in which vessel he assisted in the operations on the coast of Syria and at the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, with the despatches relative to which latter event he was sent home. He was made Captain in 1840, Rear-Admiral in 1860, Vice-Admiral in 1866, and Admiral retired in 1871. The deceased officer, who was a Justice of the Peace for Surrey, married first, in 1843, Emily Anna, daughter of the late Captain William Wilbraham, R.N., and secondly, in 1865, Lucy Hester, fourth daughter of the late Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby, G.C.B., of Littlegreen, Sussex. By his first wife, who died in 1862, he leaves surviving issue—five sons and three daughters.

THE HON. HENRY CAVENDISH BUTLER.

The Hon. Henry Cavendish Butler of Innisrath, in the county of Fermanagh, who had been staying at Bath since October for the benefit of his health, died there on Jan. 5, in his eighty-fourth year. He was the fifth son of the late Hon. Augustus Richard Butler-Danvers (younger son of the second Earl of Lanesborough), by Eliza Bizarre, his second wife, daughter of the late Mr. Humphrey Sturt of Critchill House, Dorsetshire, and on his half-brother succeeding as fifth Earl he was granted the rank and precedence of an Earl's younger son. He was educated at Addiscombe, was a Deputy Lieutenant and a Justice of the Peace for Cavan and Fermanagh, and served the office of High Sheriff for the former county in 1848, and for the latter in 1850. Mr. Cavendish Butler married twice—first, June 30, 1842, to Cecilia Agnes, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Taylor, K.C.B., of Castle Taylor, in the county of Galway; and secondly, Dec. 5, 1883, to Sarah, widow of Sir William Emerson-Tennant, second and last Baronet, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Armstrong of Eden Hall, Armagh, by whom he leaves an only child, Henry Halpin Cavendish, born Sept. 23, 1884.

COLONEL TIGHE OF WOODSTOCK.

Colonel Frederick Edward Bunbury-Tighe of Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny, lately commanding the Kilkenny Militia, died on Jan. 6 at The Priory, Christchurch, Hants. He was born in June 1826, the eldest son of the late Mr. Daniel Tighe of Rossana, in the county of Wicklow (who assumed the additional surname of Bunbury), by his wife, the Honourable Frances Crofton, sister of Edward, second Baron Crofton, and succeeded, in 1878, to Woodstock, on the death of his uncle, the Right Honourable William Frederick Fownes Tighe, P.C., Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Kilkenny. The deceased gentleman, a Justice of the Peace for the county of Wicklow, was formerly Captain in the 53rd and 82nd Regiments, and lately Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Kilkenny Militia. He married, Aug. 10, 1858, Lady Kathleen Louisa Ponsonby, daughter of the fourth Earl of Bessborough, and leaves by her Ladyship (who died July 9, 1863) an only surviving son, Edward Kenrick, late Lieutenant Rifle Brigade, born in 1862.

MR. CLIFFORD LLOYD.

Mr. Charles Dalton Clifford Lloyd, her Majesty's Consul for Koordistan, and formerly a Resident Magistrate in Ireland, died of pneumonia, on Jan. 7, in his forty-seventh year. He was the eldest son of the late Colonel Robert Lloyd, of the 68th Light Infantry, by Annie, his wife, daughter of the late Captain George Savage, of the 13th Light Dragoons, and was grandson of the late Rev. Bartholomew Lloyd, D.D., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. He was Deputy Commissioner of British Burma, 1865 to 1874; Resident Magistrate for the county of Down, Belfast, Longford, and Kilmarnock, 1874 to 1881, specially appointed to executive control of Western Divisions of Ireland, 1881 to 1883; Under-Secretary of State in Egypt, 1883 to 1884; Lieutenant-Governor and Colonial Secretary, Mauritius, 1885 to 1887; and Consul for Koordistan, 1889 till his death. Mr. Clifford Lloyd, who was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn 1875, married, in 1867, a daughter of the late Captain Sabine Browne, of the Rifle Brigade.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Most Rev. J. Larroca, Master-General of the Dominican Order, on Jan. 8, in Rome.

Mr. George Wareing Ormerod of Teignmouth, on Jan. 6, at the age of eighty. He was well known as a student of local geology.

Mr. Joseph Hunter, the Yorkshire county cricketer, aged thirty-three. He was a member of the English team which visited Australia in 1884.

Mr. Edward Bellamy, F.R.C.S., Fellow of King's College, London, and Lecturer on Surgery at Charing-Cross Hospital, on Jan. 4, of pneumonia.

The Rev. John Elliott, M.A., for seventy-two years incumbent of Randwick, near Stroud, on Jan. 4, in his hundredth year. He was educated at Oxford, and was ordained so far back as the year 1818.

Anne, Dowager Lady Grierson, on Jan. 3, at her residence, 48, Russell-street, Reading. She was the youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Day, of Hampshire, and widow of Sir Alexander William Grierson, eighth Baronet, of Lag.

Sir James Meek, at Cheltenham, on Jan. 10. He was thrice Lord Mayor of York, and Alderman and Justice of the Peace of the city, a Magistrate for the North and West Ridings, and Deputy Lieutenant for the North Riding.

Henry Bowman Brady, LL.D., F.R.S., at Bournemouth, on Jan. 12, in his fifty-eighth year, well known in scientific circles on account of his researches into the life-history and classification of Foraminifera and kindred microscopic aquatic fauna.

Dr. Edmund Sexton William Coppinger, at Bordeaux. His father, the descendant of the Irish Jacobites, settled at Bordeaux, and took refuge at the Revolution in England. Dr. Coppinger was born at Hampstead. He studied medicine in Paris, and, in 1832, at the Charité Hospital, took charge of the first cholera patient.

Mr. John O'Connor, lately M.P. for Kerry, on Jan. 12, at 23, Rutland-square, Dublin, aged fifty-four. He was an Alderman of Dublin since 1883, and was Lord Mayor of that city in 1886. He represented South Kerry, in Parliament, as a Home Ruler, from 1885 to 1887, having unsuccessfully contested county Kildare in April 1880.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

The Right Rev. William Connor Magee, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, who succeeds the late Most Rev. William Thomson, D.D., as Archbishop of York, has long been noted for his effective style of oratory and his zeal as a defender of the Church. He was born at Cork in 1821, son of a clergyman, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, gaining a scholarship and subsequent University degrees, prizes, and honours. Having taken orders, he held a curacy in Dublin, but ill health obliged him to retire for two years to Malaga, in the south of Spain. On his return to England he became curate, and incumbent afterwards, of St. Saviour's Church, Bath, and next of the Octagon Chapel in that city. The Bath Church Defence Society, organised to withstand the Disestablishment agitation of the "Liberation Society," obtained an able advocate in Dr. Magee, whose lecture on "The Voluntary System and the Established Church" was circulated widely. His published sermons on "Christ the Light of all Scripture," "The Gospel and the Age," and "The Church's Fear and the Church's Hope" were much admired. On several occasions he was one of the Lent preachers at Oxford; he also preached to the University of Cambridge, and frequently in London, besides lecturing on "Scepticism," "The Uses of Prophecy," and "Baxter and his Times." The honorary rank of Prebendary of the Cathedrals of Bath and Wells was conferred on Dr. Magee, and in 1860 he left Bath for London, succeeding Dean Goulburn as minister of Quebec Chapel, but was soon appointed to the rectory of Enniskillen by the University of Dublin. In 1864 he became Dean of Cork, and Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin. He was Donnellan Lecturer to his University in 1865 and 1866, an appointment similar to the Bampton Lectureship at Oxford. When in London, he was occasionally Select Preacher at St. Paul's, at Westminster Abbey, and at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; he also preached before the Queen at Windsor. His sermons at the Norwich meeting of the British Association of Science in 1888 on "The Christian Theory of the Origin of the Christian Life," and at the Dublin Church Congress of that year, a sermon entitled "The Breaking Net," attracted much public notice. It was in 1868, on the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Jeune, that Dr. Magee was made Bishop of Peterborough; and he appeared in the House of Lords as an eloquent opponent of the Disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church. Sermons, episcopal charges, and theological treatises have since maintained his reputation for controversial ability, while he has taken part in the discussion of social reforms, and has been active in other ways open to a prelate of the Church of England.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.



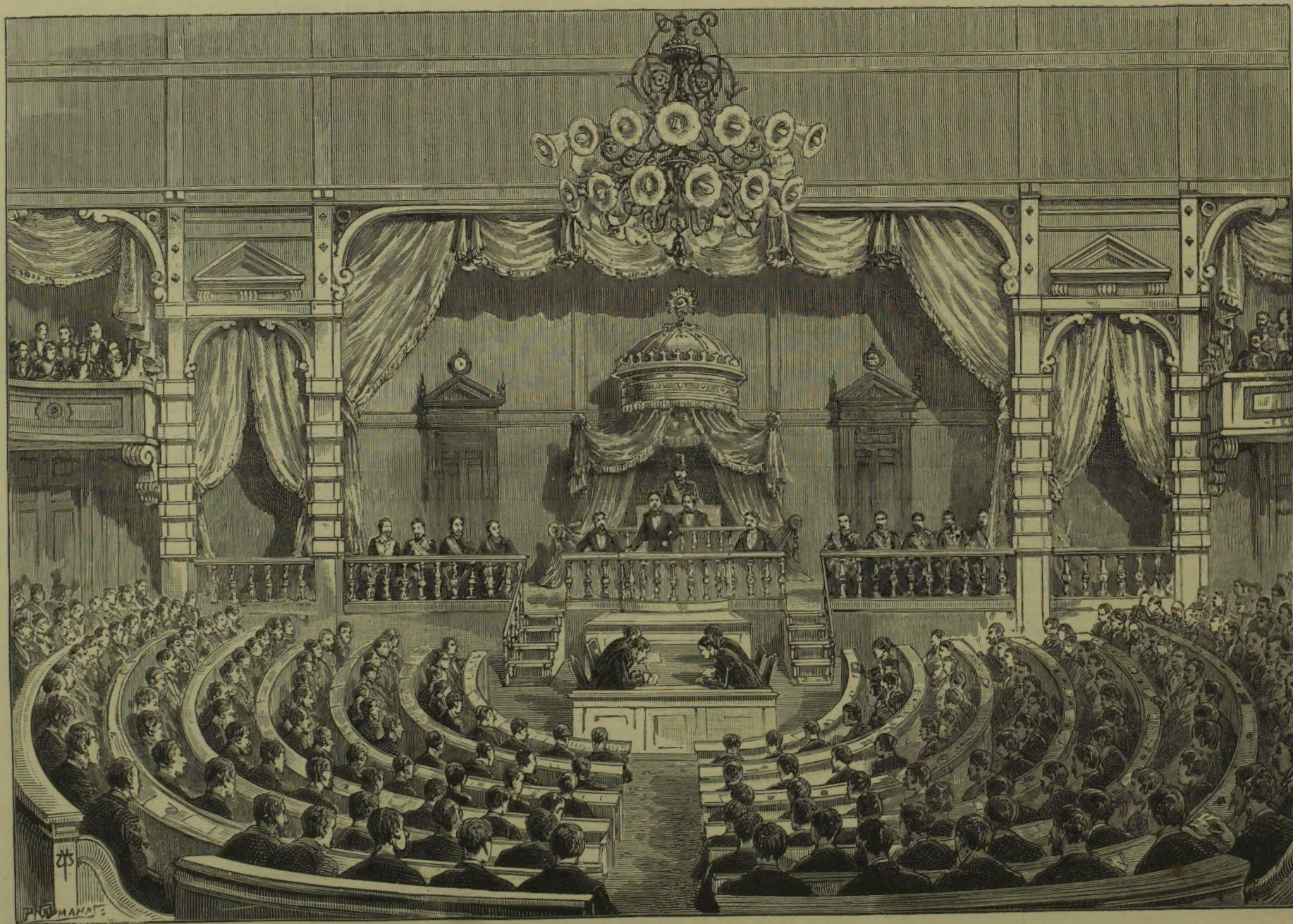
THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM CONNOR MAGEE, D.D., BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH,
THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

THE JAPANESE PARLIAMENT.

The Mikado, or Emperor of Japan, whose powers of actual government, which had for ages been in abeyance, were recovered, a quarter of a century ago, by the revolution that overthrew the Tycoons or Shoguns, reducing the Daimios, or great feudal nobles, to civil subordination, has now taken another step of much political importance. His Majesty has fulfilled the promise he solemnly made in 1868 to establish a Parliament, the constitution of which, divided into a House of Peers, or Senate, and a House of Representatives, or Chamber of elected Deputies, was described in the *Times* about two months ago. Sir Edwin Arnold, who is visiting Japan, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, written on Nov. 29, at Tokyo (formerly called Yedo), the capital city of Japan, describes the

scene of that day at the opening of Parliament by the Mikado in person. It took place in a substantial wooden building erected, for the present accommodation of the Legislature, on the Hibya Parade-ground. The interior arrangements are very similar to those of the Chambers of Deputies of the European Continental nations; there is nothing peculiarly Japanese, or Asiatic, in the architecture, the decorations, or the furniture of the spacious hall, or in the dress of the noble lords and honourable members. Our Illustration is copied from a native journal in the Japanese language, printed and published at Tokyo. It shows, at a glance, how completely and exactly all European fashions, but rather French or Italian than English, are now imitated by the official classes in Japan. The hall is simply painted, the walls of a ruddy terra-cotta hue, the galleries in white, grey, and gold; at the upper end is a raised platform, with a balustrade and two small flights of steps to it, and a curved tribune, or rostrum, for the member whose turn it may be to speak, immediately above the reporters' table—precisely as in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The seats for the Ministers, and for the President of the Chamber, are on the platform; while the members occupy rows of benches, with little desks upon them, ranged in two semicircles around the reporters' box. The floor is spread with a carpet of grey and gold. A large chandelier, with electric lamps, is suspended from the centre of the roof. The Mikado's throne, a gilt chair of State, with a small table on which are placed two pots of burning sticks of fragrant wood, is sheltered by a large and splendid canopy, hung with crimson brocaded silk—the floral ornamentation being chrysanthemums—and surmounted by a crown and other emblems of Imperial Royalty. Here the Mikado took his seat, on Nov. 29, wearing the uniform of a Field Marshal of his Army, with the broad red ribbon of the Order of the Rising Sun. His Majesty was attended by the Marquis Tokudaiji, Lord High Chamberlain, and all the Court dignitaries, most sumptuously attired, and by the Royal Princes,

and the Ministers of State, General Count Yamagata, Count Ito, Count Saigo, Viscount Aoki, and other notable statesmen. The Mikado only read a written speech, handed to him by the Prime Minister, announcing that the Parliament was opened, expressing his earnest desire for the welfare of the realm, and stating that Ministers would lay the Budget, and other drafts of laws, before the two Houses. His Majesty further expressed satisfaction at the increase of Japanese commerce, and of friendly intercourse with the Treaty Powers, while he expressed his intention to aim at the improvement of the Army and Navy, "in order that peace at home and with foreign countries may be maintained." He referred to the present year as "the twenty-fifth year of Meiji," which is the new era of the Japanese Monarchy, dated from the Revolution, or, more properly, Restoration, of 1865.



THE JAPANESE PARLIAMENT, OPENED BY THE MIKADO, NOV. 29, AT TOKYO.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

I made a spring, and got into the fore-chains.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE LIFE-BOAT.

Now had come the moment when I should need the utmost exertion of nerve and coolness my nature was equal to. There was a large globular lamp alight in the little building—its lustre vaguely touched the boat, and helped me to see what was going on and who were present. Nevertheless, I shouted: "Are all hands aboard?"

"All hands!" came a hurricane response.

"All got your belts on?" I next cried.

"All!" was the answer—that is to say, all excepting myself, who, having worn a cork jacket once, vowed never again to embark thus encumbered.

"Are your sails hooked on ready for hoisting?" I shouted.

"All ready, Sir!"

"And your haul-off rope?"

"All ready, Sir!"

"Now then, my lads—look out, all hands!"

There was a moment's pause: "Let her go!" I roared.

A man stood close under the stern, ready to pass his knife through the lashing which held the chain to the boat.

"Stand by!" he shouted. "All gone!"

I heard the clank of the chain as it fell, an instant after the boat was in motion—slowly at first, but in a few breaths she had gathered the full way that her own weight and the incline gave her, and rushed down the slipway, but almost noiselessly, so thickly greased was the timber structure, with some hands hoisting the foresail as she sped, and others grimly and motionless facing seawards ready to grasp and drag upon the haul-rope the moment the craft should be waterborne amid the smothering surf.

The thunderous slatting of the sail as the yard mounted, flinging a noise of rending upon the ear as though the cloths were whipping the hurricane in rags, the furious roaring and seething and crackling and hissing of the mountainous breakers toward which the boat was darting—the indescribable yelling of the gale sweeping past our ears as the fabric fled down the ways—the instant sight of the torn and mangled skies which seemed dimly revealed somehow by the snowstorms of froth coursing along the bay—all this combined into an impression which, though it could not have taken longer than a second or two to produce it, dwells upon my mind with so much sharpness that the whole experience of my life might well have gone to the manufacture of it.

We touched the wash of the sea and burst through a cloud of foam; in the beat of a heart the boat was up to our knees in water; in another she was freeing herself and leaping to the height of the next boiling acclivity, with my eight men, rigid as iron statues in their manner of hauling and in their confrontment of the sea, dragging the craft through the surf

and into deep water by the off-haul rope attached to an anchor some considerable distance ahead of the end of the slipway.

At the moment of the boat smiting the first of the breakers I grasped the tiller-ropes, and on the men letting go the off-haul line I headed the craft away on the port tack, my intention being to "reach" down in the direction of Hurricane Point, so as to be able to fetch the barque on a second board.

One had hardly the wits to notice the scene at the first going off, so headlong was the tumble upon the beach, so clamorous the noise of the tempest, and so frightfully wild the leaping and launchings of the boat amid the heavily broken surface of froth. But now she had the weight of the gale in the close-reefed lug that had been shown to it, and this steadied her; and high as the sea ran, yet as the water deepened the surge grew regular, and I was able to settle down to my job of handling the boat, the worst being over, at least so far as our outward excursion went.

I glanced shorewards and observed the blaze of a portfire, held out by a man near the boathouse to serve as a signal to the barque that help was going to her. The fire was blue, the blaze of it was brilliant, and it lighted up a wide area of the foreshore, throwing out the figures of the crowd who watched us, and the outline of the boathouse, and flinging a ghastly tint upon every tall upheaval of surf. The radiance lay in a sort of circle upon the ebony of the night, with what I have named showing in it, as though it was a picture cast by a magic-lantern upon a black curtain. You could see nothing of the lights of the town for it. On either hand of this luminous frame the houses went blending into the land, and each way all was sheer ink.

Shortly after this signal of portfire they sent up a rocket from the barque. It was a crimson ball, and it broke like a flash of lightning under the ragged rush of the sky, and then out leaped afresh the flames of a flare, or, as you might call it, a bonfire from the deck of the vessel—a burning tar-barrel perhaps; and the light of it disclosed the vision of the ship plunging awfully, again and again veiled by storms of crystal which the fathom-high flames of the flare flashed into prisms.

One of our men roared out with an oath: "She'll have taken the Twins afore we get to her!" and another bellowed: "Why did they wait to drag a mile afore they signalled?" But no more was said just then.

Indeed, a man needed to exert the whole strength of his lungs to make himself heard. The edge of the wind seemed to clip the loudest shout as it left the lips, as you would sever a rope with a knife.

Our boat was small for a craft of her character, but a noble, brave, nimble fabric, as had been again and again proved; and every man of us, allowing that good usage was given her, had such confidence in the Janet that we would not have exchanged

her for the largest, handsomest, and best-tested boat on the coast of the United Kingdom. You would have understood her merits had you been with us on this night. I was at the yoke-lines; Pentreath, my second in command, sat with his foot against the side, gripping the fore-sheet ready to let go in an instant; the mizzen had been hoisted, and the rest of the men, crouching down upon the thwarts, sat staring ahead with iron countenances, with never so much as a stoop among them to the hardest wash of the surge that might sweep with a wild hissing shriek athwart their sea-helmets and half fill the boat as it came bursting in smoke over the weather bow, till, for the space of a wink or two, the black gale was as white as a snowstorm overhead.

As we "reached" out the sea grew weightier. Never before had I known a greater sea in that bay. The ridges seemed to stand up to twice the height of our masts; every peak boiled, and as we rose to the summit of it the boat was smothered in the foam of her own churning, and in the headlong, giddy, dazzling rush into which she soared, with the whole weight of the gale in her fragment of lug bowing her over and sending her, as you might have believed, gunwale under down the long, indigo slant of the underrunning billow.

We held on, all as mute as death in the boat. From time to time as we rose to the head of a sea I would take a look in the direction of the barque, and catch a glimpse of the windy spark of her flare, or of the meteoric sailing of a rocket over her mastheads. There should have been a moon, but the planet was without power to strike the faintest illumination into the heaps and rags of vapour which were pouring up like smoke over the edge of the raging Atlantic horizon. The picture of the parlour I had just left would sometimes arise before me; I figured my mother peering out at the black and throbbing scene of bay; I imagined good Mr. Trembath at her side uttering such words of comfort and of hope as occurred to him; but such fancies as these seemed to be beaten away by the breath of the hurricane as rapidly as they were formed. Should we be in time? If the vessel's cables parted she was doomed. Nay; if she should continue to drag another quarter of an hour, she would be on to the Twins, and go to pieces as a child's house of bricks falls to the touch of a hand!

"Ready about!" I roared.

The helm was put down, the fore-sheet eased off, and round came the boat nobly on the very pinnacle of a surge, pausing a moment as she was there poised, and then plunging into the hollow to rise again with her foresail full, and heading some points to windward of the vessel we were now steering for.

Through it we stormed, sea after sea bursting from the life-boat's bow in pallid clouds which the wind sent whirling in shrieks—so articulate was the sound of the slinging spray—into the blackness landwards. Here and there a tiny spark of lamp flickering in the thick of the gloom told us the

situation of Tintrale, but there was nothing more to be seen that way; the land and the sky above it met in a deep, impenetrable dye, towards which, to leeward of us, the tall seas went flashing in long yearning coils, throbbing into mere pallidness when a cable's length distant.

They had kindled another flare aboard the barque, or else had plied the old one with fresh fuel; she was visible by the light of the flames, the white of her furled canvas coming and going to the fluctuating fires; and I marked, with a heart that sank in me, the dreadful manner of her labouring. She was pitching bows under, and rolling too, and by the shining of the signal fire upon her deck offered a most wonderful sight, rendered terrible also by a view that we could now get of a crowd of men hanging in a lump in her starboard fore-rigging.

The second coxswain flashed a portfire that they might know the life-boat was at hand, and we went plunging and sweeping down to a point some little distance ahead of the barque, the crowd of us irradiated by the stream of emerald-green flame.

"All ready with the anchor, lads?" I shouted.

"All ready, Sir!" was the answer.

"Down foresail!" and as I gave this order I put the helm down and brought the boathead to wind about thirty fathoms ahead of the ship.

"Let go the anchor!"

"Unstep the foremast!" bawled the second coxswain, and, while this was doing, he and another swiftly lifted the mizzen-mast out of its bearings and laid it along.

"Veer away cable handsomely!" I shouted; and pitching and foaming, now dropping into a hollow that seemed fifty feet deep, now appearing to scale a surge that lifted the boat's bow almost dead on end over her stern—all in a fashion to make the brain of the stoutest and most experienced among us reel again—we dropped alongside.

In what followed there was so much confusion, so much uproar, such distraction of shouts in foreign and unintelligible accents, such a terrible washing of seas, such bewilderment born of the darkness, of the complicated demands upon the attention through need of keeping the boat clear of the huge chopping bows of the barque, through bawling to the men in the rigging and receiving answers which we could not understand, that this passage of my singular adventure could scarcely be less vague to me in memory than, instead of having been an actor in it, I had read it in a book.

There were six or seven men, as well as I could make out, clustered in the fore-rigging. I believed I could see others in the mizzen-shrouds. This being my notion, my consuming anxiety was to drop the boat down on the quarter as swiftly as possible, for it was not only that the Twins were within a cable's range astern, with the fury of the foam there making a kind of shining upon the water that might have passed for moonlight: such was the volume and height of the sea roaring betwixt the labouring ship and our boat that at every toss of the little fabric, at every ponderous lean down of the great groaning black hull towering over us, we stood to be staved.

The fellows in the fore-rigging seemed to be stupefied. We all of us yelled, "Jump, jump! Watch as she rises, and jump, for God's sake!" meanwhile keeping a turn of the cable so as to hold the boat abreast of them. It seemed an eternity before they understood, and yet a minute had not passed since we dropped down, when a cry broke from them, and first one jumped and then another, and then the rest of them sprang, and there they were lying in a huddle in the bottom of the boat, one or two of them groaning dreadfully, as though from broken limbs, or worse injuries still, all of them motionless as they lay when they jumped, like folk nearly dead of terror and cold and pain.

"Veer out now, my lads! veer out!" I cried: "hand-somely, that we may get smartly under the mizzen-shrouds."

"There's nobody there, Sir!" roared one of my men.

No! I looked, and found it had been an illusion of my sight, due to the flame of the flare that was burning fiercely on the main-deck.

"Are you all here?" I cried, addressing the dusky huddle of men at the bottom of the boat.

Something was said, but the gale deafened me, and I could catch no meaning, no syllables, indeed, in the answer.

"They'll all be here, Sir," shouted one of my crew: "the port davits are empty, and some'll have left in the boat."

A great sea swung us up at that instant flush with the level of the bulwark-rails, with a heel of the barque, that disclosed her decks bare to the bright fires of the signal.

"They must be all here!" I cried; "but look well. Is there one among you who can catch any signs of a living man on board?"

They waited for the next upheaval of sea, and then rose a shout: "They're all here, Sir, you'll find."

"Heave ahead then, my lads!" by which I meant that they should haul upon the cable to drag the boat clear of the dreadful, crushing, shearing chop of the overhanging bows of the barque.

At that instant a head showed over the rail a little abaft the fore-shrouds, and the clear, piercing voice of a boy cried, with as good an English accent as I myself have, "My father is ill and helpless in the cabin. Do not leave us!"

"No, no, we'll not leave you," I instantly shouted in return, sending my voice fair to the lad from the height of a sea that pretty well brought his and my head on a level. "How many are there of you?"

"Two," was the answer.

I had to wait for the boat to slide up to the summit of the next surge ere I could call out again. The black yawns betwixt us and the barque might have passed for valleys looked at from a hillside, so horribly hollow and deep were they; they were pale, and yet dusky too, with sheets of foam; a soul-confounding noise of thunderous washing and seething rose up from them. When we were in one of these hollows the great mass of the dark fabric of the barque seemed to tower fifty feet above us, and we lay becalmed, hanging, while you might have counted five, in absolute stagnation, with the yell of the wind sweeping over our heads as though we were in the heart of a pit.

"Cannot your father help himself at all?" I bawled to the boy.

"He cannot stir, he must be lifted!" he answered in a shriek, for his high, clear, piercing cry thus sounded.

"By Heaven, then, lads," I bawled to my men, "there's no time to be lost! We must bundle the poor fellow over somehow, and help the lad. Nothing will have been done if we leave them behind us. Watch your chance and follow me, three of you!"

At the instant of saying this I made a spring from off the height of the gratings on which I stood, and got into the fore-chains, the boat then being on the level of that platform; and as actively as a cat, for few young fellows had nimbler limbs, I scrambled over the bulwark on to the deck, just in time to escape a huge fold of rushing water that foamed sheer through the chains with a spite and weight that must instantly have settled my business for me.

I was in the act of running along the deck to where the lad stood—that is to say, a little forward of the gangway, not doubting that the others of my crew whom I had called upon

were following with as much alertness as I had exhibited, when I felt a shock as of a thump pass through the barque.

"She has struck!" thought I.

But hardly was I sensible of this tremor through the vessel when there arose a wild and dreadful cry from alongside—heavenly God! how am I to describe that shocking noise of human distress? I fled to the rail and looked over; it was all boiling water under me, with just a sight of the black line of the gunwale or of the keel of the life-boat; but there was such a raging of foam, such a thickness of seething yeast smoking into the hurricane as though some volcanic eruption had happened right under the barque, filling the air with steam, that there was nothing whatever to be seen saving just that dark glance of keel or gunwale, as I have said, which, however, vanished as I looked in the depth of the hissing spumy smother. I knew by this that the life-boat must have been staved and filled by a sudden fling of her against the massive sides of the barque; for she was a self-righting craft, and, though she might have thrown every soul in her out as she rolled over, yet she would have rose buoyant again, emptying herself as she leapt to the surge, and there she would have been alongside, without a living creature in her if you will, but a good boat, and riding stoutly to her cable. But she had been stove, and now she was gone!

The blazing tar-barrel on the main-deck enabled me to see my way to rush aft. I cried to the lad as I sped: "The boat is staved; all hands of her are overboard and drowning! Heave ropes' ends over the side! fling life-buoys!" And thus shouting, scarcely knowing, indeed, what I called out, so confounded was I, so shocked, so horrified, so heartbroken, I may say, by the suddenness and the fearfulness of this disaster, I reached the quarter of the barque and overhung it; but I could see nothing. The cloudy boiling rose and fell, and with every mighty drop of the great square counter of the barque the sea swept in a roar from either hand of her with a cataclysmal fury that would rush whatever was afloat in it dozens of fathoms distant at every scend. Here and there now I believe I could distinguish some small black object, but the nearer pallid waters dimmed into a blackness at a little distance, and, if those dark points which I observed were the heads of swimmers, then such was the headlong race of the surge they were swept into the throbbing dusk ere I could make sure of them.

I stood as one paralysed from head to foot. My inability to be of the least service to my poor comrades and the unhappy Dances caused me to feel as though the very heart in me had ceased to beat. The young fellow came to my side.

"What is to be done?" he cried.

"Nothing!" I answered in a passion of grief. "What can be done? God grant that many of them will reach the shore! The hurl of the sea is landwards, and their life-belts will float them. But your people are doomed."

"And so are we!" he exclaimed shrilly, yet without perceptible terror, with nothing worse than wild excitement in his accents: "there are rocks directly under our stern. Are you a sailor?"

"No!"

"O, du gode Gud! what is to be done?" cried the lad.

I cast my eyes despairingly around. The tar-barrel was still burning bravely upon the deck, defying the ceaseless sweeping of spray from over the bows; the windy unearthly light tintured the ship with its sickly yellow hue to the height of her lower yards, and the whole ghastly body of her was to be seen as she rolled and plunged under a sky that was the blacker for the light of the distress-flare, and upon a sea whose vast spreads of creaning brows would again and again come charging along to the very height of the bulwark rail.

In the midst of this pause on my part, and while every instinct of self-preservation in me was blindly flinging itself, so to speak, against the black and horrible situation that imprisoned me, and while I was hopelessly endeavouring to consider what was to be done to save the young fellow alongside of me from destruction—for, as to his father, it was impossible to extend my sympathies at such a moment to one whom I had not seen, who did not appeal to me, as it were, in form and voice for succour—I say, in the midst of this pause of hopeless deliberation, the roar of the hurricane ceased on a sudden. Nothing more, I was sure, was signified by this than a lull, to be followed by some fierce chop round, or by the continuance of the westerly tempest with a bitterer spite in the renewed rush of it. The lull may have lasted ten or fifteen seconds. In that time I do not know that there was a breath of air to be felt outside the violent eddyings and draughts occasioned by the sickening motions of the barque. I looked up at the sky, and spied the leanest phantom of a star that glimmered for the space of a single swing of a pendulum, and then vanished behind a rushing roll of vapour of a midnight hue, winging with incredible velocity from the land.

So insupportable was the movement of the deck that I was forced to support myself by a belaying pin or I must have been thrown. My companion clung to a similar pin close beside me. The thunder of running and colliding waters rose into that magical hush of tempest; I could hear the booming of the surf as far as Hurricane Point and the cauldron-like noises of the waters round about the rocks astern of us.

"Has the storm ceased?" cried my companion. "Oh, beloved father, we may be spared yet!" he added, extending his disengaged hand towards the deck-house as he apostrophised the helpless man who lay there.

Amazed as I was by this instant cessation of the gale, I could yet find mind enough to be struck by my companion's manner, by his words, and now, I may say, by his voice also. I was about to address him; but, as my lips parted, there was a vivid flash of lightning that threw out the whole scene of bay, cliff, foreshore, and town, with the line of the horizon seawards, in a dazzle of violet: a crash of thunder followed; but, before its ear-splitting reverberation had ceased, the echoes of it were drowned in the bellowing of the gale coming directly off the land.

What is there in words to express the fury of this outfly? It met the heave of the landward-running seas, and swept them into smoke, and the air grew as white and thick with spume as though a heavy snowstorm were blowing horizontally along. It took the barque and swung her; her labouring was so prodigious as she was thrust by this fresh hurricane broadside round to the surges, that I imagined every second she would founder under my feet. I felt a shock; my companion cried, "One of the cables has parted!" A moment later I felt the same indescribable tremble running through the planks on which we stood.

"Is that the other cable gone, do you think?" I shouted.

"There is a leadline over the side," he cried: "it will tell us if we are adrift."

I followed him to near the mizzen rigging; neither of us durst let go with one hand until we had a grip of something else with the other; it was now not only the weight of the wind that would have laid us prone and pinned us to the deck, a pyramidal sea had sprung up as though by enchantment, and each apex as it soared about the bows and sides was blown inboards in very avalanches of water, which with each violent roll of the vessel poured in a solid body to the rail, one side or the other, again and again, to the height of our waist.

My companion extended his hand over the bulwarks, and cried out: "Here is the lead-line. It stretches towards the bows. Oh! Sir, we are adrift! we are blowing out to sea!"

I put my hand over and grasped the line, and instantly knew by the angle of it that the lad was right. By no other means would he have been able to get at the truth. The weight of lead, by resting on the bottom, immediately told if the barque was dragging. All around was white water; the blackness of the night drooped to the very spit of the brine; not a light was to be perceived, not the vaguest outline of cliff; and the whole scene of darkness was the more bewildering for the throb of the near yeast upon the eyesight.

"Is your binnacle-light burning?" I cried.

The lad answered: "Yes."

"Then," I shouted, "we must find out the quarter the gale has shifted into, and get her stern on to it, and clear Hurricane Point, if Almighty God will permit. There may be safety in the open; there is none here."

With the utmost labour and distress we made our way aft. The flare had been extinguished by the heavy falls of water, and it was worse than walking blindfolded. The binnacle-light was burning—this was, indeed, to be expected. The barque was plunging directly head to wind, and a glance at the card enabled me to know that the gale was blowing almost due east, having shifted, as these cyclonic ragings often do, right into the quarter opposite whence it had come.

"We must endeavour to get her before it," I cried; "but I am no sailor. There may come another shift, and we ought to clear the land while the hurricane holds as it does. What is to be done?"

"Will she pay off if the helm is put hard over?" he answered. "Let us try it!"

He seized the spokes on one side; I put my shoulder to the wheel on the other, and thus we jammed and secured the helm into the posture called by sailors "hard a-starboard." She fell off, indeed—into the trough, and there she lay, amid such a diabolical play of water, such lashings of seas on both sides, as it is not in mortal pen to portray!

Had we been in the open ocean, a better attitude than the barque herself had taken up we could not have wished for. She was, indeed, hove-to, as the sea-expression is, giving something of her bow to the wind, and was in that posture which the shipmaster will put his vessel into in such a tempest as was now blowing. But, unhappily, the land was on either hand of us, and, though our drift might be straight out to sea, I could not be sure that it was so. The tide would be making to the west and north; the coils and pyramids and leavings of surge had also a sort of yearning and leaning towards north-west as if in sympathy with the tide; the deadly terrace of Hurricane Point lay that way; and so the leaving of the barque in the trough of the sea might come, indeed, to cost us our lives, which had only just been spared by the shift in the storm of wind!

"She does not answer the helm," I cried to my young companion.

"Her head will pay off," he answered, "if we can manage to hoist a fragment of sail forward. It must be done, Sir. Will you help me?"

"God knows I will do anything!" I cried. "Show me what is to be done. We must save our lives if we can. There may be a chance out on the ocean for us."

Without another word he went forward, and I followed him. We had to pause often to preserve ourselves from being floated off our feet. The flood, which washed white betwixt the rails, lifted the rigging off the pins, and sent the ropes snaking about the decks, and our movements were as much hampered as though we fought our way through a jungle. The foam all about us outside and inboards put a wild, cold glimmer into the air, which enabled us to distinguish outlines. In fact, at moments the whole shape of the barque, from her bulwarks to some distance up her masts, would show like a sketch in ink upon white paper as she leaned off the slant of the sea and painted her figure upon the hill of froth thundering away from her on the lee-side.

My companion paused for a moment or two under the shelter of the caboose or galley to tell me what he meant to do. We then crawled on to the fore-castle, and he bade me hold by a rope which he put into my hand, and await his return. I watched him creep into the "eyes" of the vessel and get upon the bowsprit, but after that I lost sight of him, for the seas smoked so fiercely all about the ship's head—to every plunge of her bows there rose so shrouding a thickness of foam—that the air was a fog of crystals where the lad was, and had he gone overboard he could not have vanished more utterly from my sight. Indeed, I could not tell whether he was gone or not, and a feeling of horror possessed me when I thought of being left alone in the vessel with a sick and useless man lying somewhere aft, and with the rage and darkness of the dreadful storm around me, the chance of striking upon Hurricane Point, and no better hope at the best than what was to be got out of thinking of the midnight breast of the storming Atlantic.

After a few minutes there was the noise of the rattling of canvas resembling a volley of small shot fired off the bows. The figure of the lad came from the bowsprit out of a burst of spray that soared in steam into the wind.

"Only a fragment must be hoisted!" he exclaimed with his mouth at my ear. "Pull with me!"

I put my weight upon the rope, and together we rose a few feet of the sail upon the stay—it was the foretopmast stay-sail, as I afterwards discovered.

"Enough!" cried my companion in his clear penetrating voice; "if it will but hold till the vessel pays off, all will be well. We dare not ask for more."

He secured the rope we had dragged upon to a pin, and I followed him aft, finding leisure even in that time of distress and horror to wonder at the coolness, the intrepidity of soul that was expressed in his clear unfaltering speech, in the keen judgment and instant resolution of a lad whose age, as I might gather from his voice, could scarcely exceed fifteen or sixteen years. Between us we seized the wheel afresh, one on either side of it, and waited. But we were not to be kept long in suspense. Indeed, even before we had grasped the helm the barque was paying off. The rag of canvas held nobly, and to the impulse of it the big bows of the vessel rounded away from the gale, and in a few minutes she was dead before it, pitching furiously, with the sea snapping and foaming to her taffrail and quarters.

But the thickness of her yards, with the canvas rolled up on them, the thickness of the masts, too, the spread of the tops, the complicated gear of shroud, backstay, and running rigging, all offered resistance enough to the dark and living gale that was bellowing right over the stern to put something of the speed of an arrow into the keel of the fabric. Through it she madly raced, with pallid clouds blowing about her bows, and white peaks hissing along her sides, and a wake of snow under her counter heaving to half the height of the mizzenmast with the hurl of the seas, and a ceaseless blowing of froth over our heads as the lad and I stood together grasping the wheel, steering the vessel into the darkness of the great Atlantic Ocean, with our eyes upon the compass-card, whose illuminated disc showed the course on which we were being flashed forwards by the storm to be a trifle south of west.

(To be continued.)

THE SALVATION ARMY SOCIAL SCHEME.

BY FRANK SMITH,

Late "Commissioner" in charge of the Social Wing.

The British nation is just now in a serious mood, and inclined to consider its social problems. Of all the schemes for their solution which are urging their claims upon both the public attention and the public purse, the plan propounded in "Darkest England" has had the greatest success of late.

With the scheme as a whole it is not here my purpose to deal. The object of this Sketch is to present only one side of it—its City colony, the particular function of which is to provide for that most difficult class, the homeless and destitute. For the needs of the majority of these there has hitherto been only the relief offered by the charitable institutions, the whole of which, although doing good work, are quite inadequate, I personally am inclined to think, to meet the demand made upon them. It is estimated that there are, at least, 10,000 destitutes within the metropolitan area, and this ever-present evil holds so tenaciously to life, and the difficulties in dealing with it are so great, that a large portion of the community has become inured to its presence. The homeless poor, in fact, have come to be accepted as one of the unavoidable features of our civilisation.

To deal with this class the operations of the social reform wing of the Salvation Army have been specially directed, and, as a first step, shelters have been opened from time to time, until at the present moment five are in operation, four for men and one exclusively for women. The particular intention of this article is to deal with that shelter specially reserved for women and the Industrial Workshops for destitute men.

Hanbury-street, Whitechapel, is a notorious locality. Squalid and shut away in one of the darkest recesses of the Metropolis, it has a history peculiarly its own. If its past is unsavoury, its present is certainly hopeful. Always a locality of doubtful reputation, respectable society gave it a wide berth, until latterly, when, by reason of the Salvation Army work

winning is here accomplished, and foundations laid for the friendly interest that may lead to a reconstruction of habits and character.

To the most casual observer the untiring devotion of these good women exhibits sacrifice of a very high order, and cannot but exert the best influence upon their charges. It is in this direction, far more than in fervid exhortation, that we have the secret of the success of Salvationism among these outcasts. The payment of threepence entitles all comers to a bed, and, in addition, a meal night and morning. All the food is of the plainest, consisting of a pint mug of tea (which is the favourite beverage) or cocoa, with a large piece of bread, generally with the addition of butter or jam, according to the generosity of the visitors, who most frequently leave as a memento of their visit the wherewith to provide such little luxuries. After the serving of the evening meal, a meeting of about one hour's duration is held. It consists of music and song, interspersed with short prayers and exhortations. In these meetings as many of the shelter women as are able take part, and for a short time at least the old-time softness seems to steal into the most hardened and careworn faces, reviving memories of days when many of them sang and prayed in different surroundings.

It is now time (between nine and ten o'clock) to take possession of the dormitory, which is very faithfully portrayed, by the Artist. It is constructed of what was once the large swimming-bath, and has a gallery running all round. On the floors, everywhere, ranged in rows side by side, are the box-like arrangements for sleeping, at the end of each being a raised sloping shelf which, when covered by the American cloth mattress, forms the pillow. This, with a leather covering, forms the equipment, and, by the time the clock strikes ten, the majority of the inmates are forgetting their toils and sorrows in slumber.

Since the opening of this shelter, in March 1889, upwards of 100,000 homeless women have been accommodated, not a few of whom have been assisted into respectable and useful walks of life.

Crossing the road from the shelter above described, we find another department of Salvation Army endeavour—namely, the industrial workshops opened some six months ago, being at once the germ and embryo of that portion of the "Darkest England" scheme designated the "City Colony." The object of these workshops is to provide food and shelter for homeless and destitute men, in exchange for work done by them, until such time as they are able to procure work for themselves, or until it has been procured for them through the agency of the Labour Bureau of the Salvation Army.

The plan of operations is as follows:—

All those applying for assistance are placed in what is termed the first class. They must be willing to do any kind of work allotted to them. While they remain in the first class, they are entitled to three meals a day and shelter for the night, and are expected, in return, cheerfully to perform the work allotted to them.

Promotions are made from this first class to the second class of all those considered eligible by the Labour Directors. They, in addition to the food and shelter above mentioned, receive sums of money up to five shillings at the end of the week, for the purpose of assisting them to provide themselves with tools to get work outside.

Third-class workers are arranged for, who receive such further sums as are mutually agreed upon from time to time.

Hours of work: 7 a.m. to 8.30 a.m., then breakfast; 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., then follows a meeting; and the dinner-hour; 2 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., at which time the workshops close. The doors are closed five minutes after 7.9 and 2 p.m. Each meal is supposed to have been earned before it is given, and the men are encouraged to feel that all they receive is the result of their own exertion. There is, so to speak, a squaring-up at each meal-time, each man entering on the understanding that he must expect nothing beyond his food and shelter, and such clothing as the generosity of friends may enable the officials to provide for him. If, however, at the end of the week the conduct and industry has been satisfactory, the value of the man's work is compared with the cost of his maintenance, and out of the excess of value, if any, a sum of money is handed to the worker as a gratuity for his encouragement. In some cases, indeed, men have risen in the third class until they have received wages nearly equal to those paid in the ordinary labour market. In these cases the men no longer use the shelter or are supplied with food or clothing, they being in a position to provide for their own needs.

As far as possible the produce of the workshops is disposed of among the members and supporters of the Army, as it is, of course, most desirable that goods manufactured here should not come in competition with goods of a like character in the open market. At present this economic question presents a little difficulty, but when the Farm Colony is in working order the wisdom of administration will be shown in as far as possible producing only those articles required there, and by the various other branches of the social scheme.

Within the walls of the workshop there were engaged in December last between 140 and 150 men per day. These were placed at such work as was considered most suitable to their ability and previous avocations. Seven distinct departments are in active operation, the industries represented consisting of wood-chopping, sack-, mat-, and shoe-making, brush-manufacturing, carpentering, and an ingenious method for producing leather shoe-laces.

One very pleasing result of the workshop operations is that, out of the large number of men who have passed through those who have either refused to work or who by reason of their bad conduct have had to be dismissed would not amount in all to a dozen in the six months during which the scheme has been in operation.

There can be no doubt that this Salvation Army departure from what has been termed purely spiritual work has done much to inspire hope as to the possible solution of the difficult question, "What shall we do with our destitute classes?" Whether it really does present a possible solution, one thing is certain—it is a more humanising effort than that put forth by the Poor Law system, and, whatever may be the ultimate proportions to which the "Darkest England" scheme may develop, it is quite evident that the experiences of the Hanbury-street ventures will have a considerable effect. It will surely assist in the laying of foundations upon which, let us hope, some superstructure may be raised, not only to be a help to those sitting in the dark regions of poverty



SLEEPING ROOM AT THE WOMEN'S SHELTER, HANBURY-STREET.

and destitution, but also be a source of untold happiness and prosperity to posterity at large.

That there are many difficulties to be faced cannot be doubted; but if business lines are adhered to, and the interests of the scheme and of the poor are considered above and before all other interests, the earnestness of the workers of the Salvation Army, both officers and soldiers, can be relied upon to overcome them, if there is a possibility of doing so.

(To be continued.)

The bust of Richard Jefferies, the prose-poet of nature in our day, which is to be placed in a niche of Salisbury Cathedral, has just been completed by the Australian sculptor Miss Margaret Thomas. It is pronounced to be an admirable likeness by the widow of the brilliant writer.

A German writer has been giving the public a very pleasant glimpse of Prince Bismarck. "During luncheon," says Herr Bewer, "he gave full play to his thoughts, now grave, now gay. He spoke with wonderful mental freshness about Emperors and Princes, poets and musicians, politicians and philosophers, Beethoven and Spinoza, Kant and Hegel, Wismann and Emin, God and the World."

It is proposed by the Spaniards to celebrate the fourth centenary of the discovery of America. A committee has been appointed, in which Portugal and America are represented. A congress will be held at Huelva on the anniversary of the departure of Christopher Columbus on his voyage of discovery, and two exhibitions will be held in Madrid in the following September, the one representing the condition of art, and the other the instruments of labour in use in America at the time of its discovery by Columbus.

The thirteenth anniversary of the death of Victor Emanuel was observed on Jan. 9 by the King and Queen of Italy attending an early Mass, with closed doors, in the Pantheon, where the remains of the Soldier King repose. Later, there was the usual pilgrimage to the tomb. The guard of honour which always watches by the tomb was drawn exclusively from Crimean veterans for the first time. To celebrate the occasion they brought a bronze wreath of fine workmanship to lay beside the tomb.



MAT-MAKING, HANBURY-STREET.



SKETCH IN THE WOMEN'S SHELTER, HANBURY-STREET.

here described, it has been visited by large numbers of earnest, not to say critical, people, and from being the theatre of some gruesome crimes it has become a centre of active Samaritanism.

It was during the season of horror which followed the Whitechapel murders that the old baths came into the hands of the Salvation Army, and were at once transformed into a night shelter for the accommodation of homeless women. The interior arrangements are marked by two valuable characteristics—cheerfulness and cleanliness. When full, there are assembled within its walls upwards of two hundred and fifty of London's human wrecks. The floors and seats have been scrubbed to almost a perfect whiteness, and the bright colours of the walls, as well as the furniture, seem to have a counterpart in the cheering influences exercised by the officers in attendance. Each afternoon at three the doors are opened, and from that hour until midnight there gather types of every grade of womanhood, all, however, bearing more or less the stamp and impress of the seamy side of London life. Many of these are regular attendants, who, before the shelter was opened, alternated between the common lodging-house, the railway arches, and the casual ward. To them the shelter has become a home, while they eke out a bare existence by working in the neighbouring markets or in doing odd jobs in the households of their Hebrew neighbours.

To the majority of the residents of the shelter, however, work is more a memory than an experience. To watch them assembling is a sight that creates a feeling of indescribable sadness and hopelessness. One sighs over the despairing, broken women, many of whom, from a variety of causes, have drifted down from comfortable and useful walks of life. Here can be traced the not yet wholly obliterated indications of early refinement: there we see those who, youthful in years, are yet old in sin, although they are tractable enough while under the influence of the shelter. Occasionally there is a new-comer, who, fresh from a country home, has fallen into one or other of the snares of the great city, and is at length piloted to the shelter by some friendly policeman, and to such it has often proved the opportunity for the beginning of a new life of usefulness.

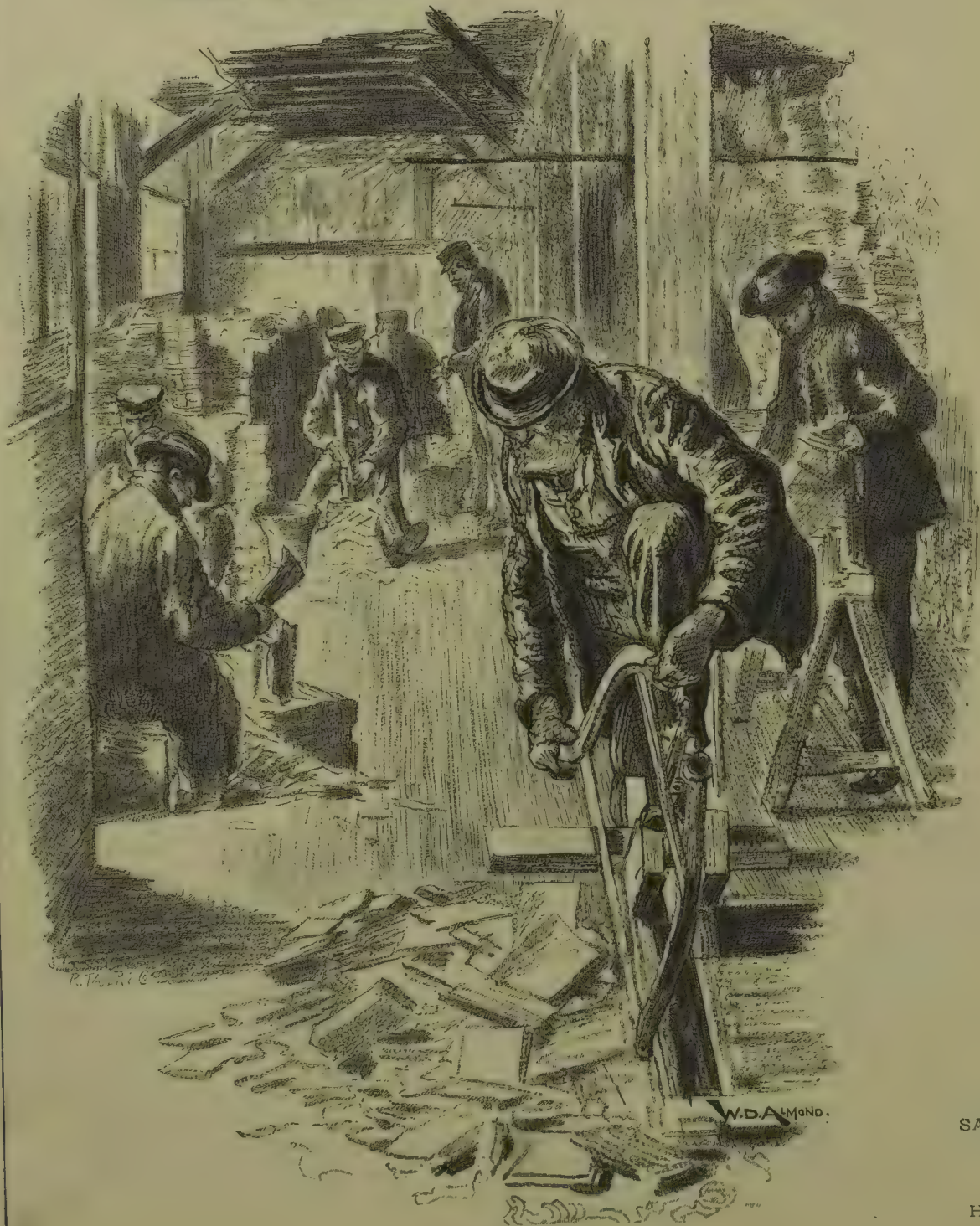
Once past the entrance, the women proceed to the reception-room, where they may sit and rest or occupy their time in mending their garments. The entire building is heated with steam-pipes placed round the lower portion of the walls, and is kept at a very comfortable temperature. Hot water is also provided, with the necessary laundry accommodation for those who desire the luxury of a clean garment. It is at these times that the Salvation lasses are able to accomplish their most efficient work. By their kindly sisterly attentions, the heart-



SERGEANT OF WOOD SHED.



MAT-MAKING SHED.



WOOD-CUTTING SHED.



SERGEANT OF MAT-MAKERS.

THE
SALVATION ARMY SOCIAL SCHEME:
SKETCHES IN
HANBURY STREET, WHITECHAPEL.



GOOROO SWEARING IN A SIKH RECRUIT.



ADJUTANT OF REGIMENT MOUNTING THE GUARD OF THE DAY.

THE NEW BURMAH REGIMENTS.

FLYING SOUTH.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

No. II.—PALMS IN SUN AND SNOW.

They told me before I started from London to the South of France that if I went to Hyères I should be "buried alive." "My dear friend," said an energetic little lady to me who worshipped Monte Carlo—but who never gambled, oh! dear, no!—"what on earth do you want to go to Hyères for? I went to Hyères once, and saw a few old women sitting in a lovely garden! The old women were not interesting, and the garden became monotonous." And then in her lively, impetuous, woman-of-the-world sort of way she coquetted before me in a dainty "confection," and said, "Bother Hyères! Come to Monte Carlo!" Away rattled the tongue of my friend of many years. "Why, you can be as romantic—and as dull—at Monte Carlo as anywhere else in the world. The gambling-tables are there, but you need not gamble. There are walks, drives, parties, balls, suppers"—she did not add scandal—"and, at any rate, if you go to Monte Carlo you can live and be in the world." Well, I wanted to live and to be out of the world, so I shrugged my obstinate shoulders and changed from the Club train at Toulon for Hyères of the Palm Trees!

Why did I go to Hyères? Well, I looked at the map of Europe. It was so cold in England that life was congealed and existence turned into an apparently never-ending icicle. If it was really to be the Riviera, well, then, Hyères was nearer to the sun and lower down into the Mediterranean than any of its more lively rivals. I thought of Pau, of Arcachon. They were too far north. I dreamed of Madeira, Teneriffe, and Las Palmas; but they necessitated sea and a landing through mountains of surf. I meditated Algiers. Again, there was sea between Marseilles and Africa. So if it were possible to get the sun as warm as

heart-stirring, before the year in which we live is a day old. You cannot stand out on a balcony before the letters and the papers have arrived, inhaling an air scented with vigour and life. You cannot walk with me a mile out of the town, through wayside hedges of roses, or mount the hill where the votive church of Our Lady of Consolation looks down, as it should, on a garden of sweet flowers. You cannot explore with me the pine-forests on the Hermitage estate at Costabelle, where you will find three more giant hotels, buried in deep woods, and within a stone's-throw of the sea. You cannot envy as we pass the possessors of bijou villas washed by the tideless Mediterranean—the Bon Sejours, the Mon Repos, the Rose chalets and Marguerite toy châteaux that cluster lovingly on this enchanted shore. You cannot overlook on a January morning the Isles of Gold—where no theatres exist, no managers dwell, no authors howl with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and where no critics wear their lives out in order to curse the contemporary stage. You cannot come cheerily with me away to "Les Salins," the primitive salt works of Provence, where mine host at a rude but hospitable restaurant will offer us oysters on the half-shell, and "bouillabaisse," the fish soup that Thackeray immortalised, with the true Marseillaise ingredients washed down with a bottle of white wine that does your heart good. No! You have the sunny picture before you. I have the still sunnier experience.

But the snow would not leave us alone even at Hyères les Palmiers. I had left it at Arles in the year 1890, and I never hoped to find it again in 1891. It had not snowed at Hyères in the memory of even the "oldest inhabitant." It might have powdered some fine material on the coldest known day. But the snow had never rested. We had been basking the day before under an Italian sky. It was the kind of atmosphere that must be dear to any Englishman—soft, but never depressing; soothing, but as bracing as on the Scotch moors. Who could have been prepared for such a surprise? Years ago I remember I was in the neighbourhood

experience in guerilla warfare. The Indian Government was anxious, in reducing the Military Police, not to lose all this fine material. It has therefore disbanded or "localised" three Madras regiments—namely, the 10th, 12th, and 33rd Regiments of Madras Infantry—and has converted three of the Military Police battalions into regiments in their stead.

The police battalions selected for this purpose were "the Chin Frontier Levy," converted into the 2nd Burmah Infantry; the "Kubo Levy," which is formed into the 1st Burmah Regiment; and the "Shan Levy," which is formed into the 3rd Burmah Infantry. The 1st Burmah Infantry is quartered at Mandalay, and is composed of Goorkhas. It is commanded by Colonel Macgregor, D.S.O. The 2nd Burmah Infantry is quartered at Thayetmyo, and is composed of Sikhs, Pathans, Punjabi Mussulmans, and Dogras. It is commanded by Major Howlett, M.S.C. The 3rd Burmah Infantry, stationed at Tourgoon, is composed of Sikhs and Punjabi Mussulmans; it is commanded by Major Rixon, B.S.C. These regiments are borne on the strength of the Madras Army. They will ordinarily serve in Burmah, though liable for general service like other native regiments.

These regiments are composed of a fine soldierly looking body of men, and, with a little more training, they will be able to hold their own with the best of our Sepoy regiments. It is currently reported that the success attending this first experiment has induced the Indian Government to contemplate a further reduction of three or four Madras Infantry regiments, supplying their place with military police battalions. In this way Burmah will be relieved of a great financial strain, and some fine regiments will be added to the Indian Army. With a number of such regiments Burmah will then have its own frontier force, and, as that will considerably lessen or perhaps entirely do away with service in Burmah for the ordinary Madras regiments, the change will, no doubt, be popular in that army.

Our Illustrations of the swearing-in of a Sikh recruit, by



HYÈRES LES PALMIERS.

it could be served up, and with as little trouble as possible in feeling the warm pressure of the hand of my old friend, why not Hyères les Palmiers. Take the map of Europe and look at it! Last year, like a fool, I went south to Monte Carlo, and, forsaking the warmth, went immediately north to Milan and Venice in February, and suffered for my enthusiasm. This year I had been chilled to the bone—nay, to the very marrow, so I stuck to my point, and visited the Palm Trees, that are found in a lovely hollow sheltered by hills, surrounded by some tropical vegetation, the very spot where Georges Sand composed and the dreamy Chopin loved, and where recently the French novelist Paul Bourget and the English romancist Louis Stevenson have written some of their best work. The air that has been breathed and that has inspired Madame Dudevant, Chopin, Bourget, and Louis Stevenson was quite good enough for the "likes of me." For what did I want to do but to rest and forget? An unhappy mortal who has sat out religiously every play that has been produced in London since the year 1860; a luckless wight whose hair has grown grey in the service of the drama, and who, after thirty years' endurance of the monstrosities of the ignorant, the conceited, the impotent, and the insolent, has lived to be called by a man called Sydney Grundy "the curse of the contemporary stage," did not care during a winter interval to have much more to do with Sydney Grundys in any shape, form, or pattern, be they vain actors, or vainer managers, or vainest authors. I wanted to see another sort of world than is found in our English playhouses. I wanted to see life as it is, not as it is conceived to be by cranks, ignoramuses, and cocksure egotists of the modern managerial and creative school.

And I have never regretted the happy moment when I was introduced to Hyères les Palmiers. You will get some idea from the Sketch that accompanies these notes of the form and character of the place. You will see villas nestling under green mountains, and palatial hotels facing the sun and sea, and you will observe gardens of palms and plantations of aloes and prickly pears, and the learned botanists among you may detect the ragged, untidy-looking eucalyptus and many a scarce deodora and Eastern plant. But, however well the picture of Hyères may turn out when it appears before your eyes, unfortunately it cannot give you the colour of the scene, or the exhilaration of the atmosphere, or the life-giving properties of this enchanting corner of the earth. You can imagine very much; but in England you cannot feel what I have felt, thanks to a chance for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. You cannot wake up in the morning and find the sun streaming into the windows, warm and genial and

of Bordeaux, at the vendanges. It was lovely autumn weather, and the vine harvest was magnificent. We had been feasting and toasting the new vintage, and we retired to rest with the vineyards in full leaf. I remember looking out of my bedroom window at the estate of Baron Sarget, in the La Rose district, and enjoying the prospect of autumn leaf. The grapes were gone, but here were the leaves. There was a sudden frost at night. Next morning when I rose there was not a leaf to be seen. As if by magic, they had disappeared. Nothing was before me but a waste of bare and rattling stalks, the green ghosts of the departed foliage.

My surprise at Hyères was almost as great. At night, palms in abundance, red roofs, glorious rose-gardens. In the morning, a wild acreage of white snow. The feathery palms droop under the snow weight, the roses are blackened, the yuccas are frosted with white, the exotics seem to shiver under the blast, the red roofs and fields and towers and forests are covered with a white pall. It has snowed at Hyères for the first time in the memory of man. The little children run about the streets and catch the snow in their mouths, as if it were miraculous manna from heaven. But what matters it? The snow at Hyères is clean, not dirty. There is no east wind, no fog. The streets are trafficable. The people are merry. The sky is still blue. The sun still shines for a few hours a day. The snow soon melts. The roses recover the shock of winter. Don't be disheartened! Come to Hyères!

THE NEW BURMAH REGIMENTS.

Our readers will remember descriptions of the Indian military and civil police of Burmah, and their modes of service. By the able and firm administration of Sir Charles Crosthwaite, the country has now become as settled and orderly as any part of India. From the Chin hills to the Shan States, and from the Kachin frontier to Rangoon, Burmah is well in hand. That such good results have been accomplished in a few years reflects much credit on all concerned.

Now that this state of affairs has been attained, the Government has had to consider the question of reducing the large establishment of military police now in the province; the cost of the maintenance of the police being a very heavy drain upon it. The military police, as we stated on a former occasion, are composed mainly of Sikhs, Punjabi Mussulmans, and in lesser numbers of Goorkhas, Dogras, and Pathans. These, as all know, are the best fighting material available in India. During the past three years they have undergone a certain amount of training, and have acquired a good deal of

the "Gooroo," or priest of his religion, using the "Granth," or Sikh Bible, and of the Adjutant directing the mounting guard for the day, are supplied by Surgeon A. G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Staff.

DUTCHWOMEN GOING TO MARKET.

Among inhabitants of countries where ice and snow may be relied upon for a long time in winter, not liable to thaw from day to day, short journeys are commonly performed with ease and swiftness by aid of the seasonable condition of the surface of land and water. In Canada there is the useful sleigh; in Norway, the "ski," a curved slip of wood, 8 ft. long and three inches broad, attached to each foot, enabling the traveller to slide over hard snow at the rate from seven to nine miles an hour; and in Holland, the numerous canals and other water-courses, being hard-frozen, allow that nation of skaters, men, women, and children, to go about their private business or pleasure as readily as in summer. Everybody can skate; it is not a mere sportive or fashionable accomplishment; the peasant goes in this way to market, the tradesman to his shop, the artisan or labourer to his work; whole families, carrying bag or basket or baby, skate from their rustic homes to the nearest town for a holiday treat or a friendly visit. The distances in Holland are not too great; students of the University of Utrecht, for example, can skate in the day to a social dinner even at Amsterdam, and get back to college by the appointed hour at night; the journey between Leyden and Amsterdam has been done, by very good skaters, in little more than an hour. The ladies of Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague are the most graceful lady skaters in Europe.

There are two different schools of the art of skating: that of Friesland, which is the more practical, aiming at speed and the performance of long journeys in a short time, insists on a perfectly erect and rigid position of the body, darting straight forward; while the fashionable Dutch school is rather intent on the artistic display of skill in winding and turning, usually with a swaying motion of the hips, from right to left and from left to right, keeping a fine balance of the head and arms. The practitioners of this ornamental skating will inscribe the most complicated and fantastic figures, or write their names and other words, even whole sentences, on the ice; but all that is fancy work. Skating among the country folk is part of the ordinary customs of life, and is one of the things which Dutch children have to learn at an early age.

PLEASURES AND PAINS OF GOLF.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In trying to estimate the merits of any game it is fair to ask, What pleasures does it offer to the herd of its worshippers—the common herd? A man who excels at any pastime will derive from it the joys of vanity and victory. Even lawn-tennis, or halma, or spelicans must be dear to people who play really well at them. But to the feeble fourth-rate player they do not seem necessarily exhilarating. I cannot understand the taste for serving a ball out of court and then into the net, and, if you do propel a ball into the right place, failing to return it when it is struck back to you. But, in golf, there are so many branches of the game that we may all hope to do well in one or another, and—this is the great thing—the worst of us plays well for a hole or two now and then. Say you are a bad player, and you do the first hole, at St. Andrews, in five, the next in five, the next in four, it is certain that you get much enjoyment from these feats, and you begin to believe that “The Devil’s riddle is mastered,” and that you have, at last, acquired the full amount of skill. Alas! at the fifth hole you begin by hitting the ball wildly into the furze and bent grass near Hell. You top your own shot, and you land under a ledge of the bunker. You miss the ball with your mashy. You whack it out into another trap called the kitchen. You fail to hit it out. On a second trial you light among the hummocks, and you do not manage to hit it over them. On repeated applications you wildly lift it into “The Bairdies,” most avaricious little bunkers, and by the time you are on the putting-green you have played a dozen shots. In a medal competition, or a handicap, this spells ruin. Moreover, you are now in a highly nervous and irritable condition, so you miss your next drive, fall into Walkinshaw’s Grave, or into the whins, and for the rest of the round you do not recover your equanimity. Still, you began well, and you have enjoyed the pleasures of hope. This is the charm of the game. The most confirmed muf—



THE END OF DRAW OF FULL DRIVE.

writer, for example—may play a couple of holes as well as Mr. Ball or Mr. Hutchinson. Then the muf is buoyed up with pride and hope. We all have lucid intervals at golf. If they lasted, we should all be masters at the pastime. About once in two years, one’s mood, as the Laureate says, “is like a fiend, and drives”—drives tee’d shots beyond the usually recognised limits. Now there be three pleasant things—yea, four—worth living for. One is to say a good thing neatly. One is the first heavy drag of a salmon at the line. One is a square-leg hit from fast bowling. And the fourth is a drive at golf, caught exactly clean, with a wind behind it. People like Kirkcaldy and Mr. Laidlay enjoy this satisfaction almost in every drive they make. But to the bad player this joy comes rarely, and is remembered, and worth remembering.

All these remarks are a trifle technical, and assume an elementary knowledge of the game in the reader. There may still be readers who have not even an elementary knowledge. Probably they have dropped off by this time, but, if they have not, now is their opportunity to increase their information.

Golf is a game in which a little ball is put into a little hole, with implements curiously ill adapted for the purpose. The ball is about the size of a fives ball; the hole is about the circumference of a jam pot. The holes are distant from each other from 120 to 500 yards. The course is made difficult by furze bushes, by “bunkers,” or sand pits, by roads, brooks, and other “hazards.” To put a ball eighteen times into holes, over a distance of some 6000 yards, in eighty-five shots, is good play. To do the same in any number from 105 to 125 is bad play. About 145 is my own average. The weapons used are, first, a thin-shanked, heavily loaded, wooden-headed club, called a “driver.” The face, the part which should hit the ball, is about an inch and three quarters in height, and in breadth about two inches and a half. As the club is vehemently swung round the body, as in the Illustration, it will be seen that much accuracy is needed to bring the centre of percussion of the club into contact with the centre of the ball. Many beginners miss the ball altogether. Many “top” it, or hit it with the bottom of the club. Many catch the earth heavily before they hit the ball. Many hit with the toe or heel of the club; most commit all these faults one after the other. But, if all the errors are avoided, there is a clean “click,” and the ball soars away, landing, perhaps, 150 yards from the place where it was struck, and rolling farther. Suppose it rests on a smooth piece of sward, the player strikes it again with a wooden club. If the grass it lies on be rather heavy, he uses a wooden club with a brazen plate screwed on to the sole. This is called a “brassy.” Suppose the ball flies a hundred yards, and is within seventy or eighty yards of the hole, the player now uses a club with an iron head, deep, and “laid back,” so as to elevate the ball. With this he should lay the ball accurately as near the hole as five, ten, or fifteen yards. Next he takes a short wooden-headed club, called a “putter,” or an iron-headed putter, and tries at the hole. If the ball rolls into it, he has done the hole in four strokes—very good work. If he misses it, he tries again till he succeeds, in five or six



EXAMINING THE GROUND.

strokes, winning the hole if he does it in fewer strokes than his opponent.

It will be plain that, in this feat, as in almost all holes, there are three processes. First, there is driving, either “off the tee” (a small sand-heap on which the ball is perched for the first stroke) or “through the green,” where the ball is hit from the place to which it has rolled. Secondly, there is the “iron play,” where the distance to be covered is less, and great accuracy is desirable. Thirdly, there is “putting”—that is, rolling the ball into the hole from a short distance, with nice calculation of the inequalities in the ground. These are the three main divisions of the game. “Driving is an art,” it has been said, “iron play is a science, putting is an inspiration.” The pleasures of golf, then, are the active physical exertion of art, science, and genius. If you go round with Kirkcaldy or Mr. Macfie or Mr. Leslie Balfour, you may appreciate the essence of the game. There is the elegant and lithe sweep of the body in driving, there is the dexterously calculated force of the iron play, there is the judgment and genius of the putting. A good putter’s ball seems almost alive and endowed with consciousness, so cunningly and deftly does it turn and twist over the uneven ground, till an expiring effort just lands it in the hole. Putting requires nerve. Say you are within seven yards of the hole, your opponent’s ball lying within half a foot of it. If you go in, you win; if not, you “halve,” or even lose, the hole. The eyes of the caddies are fixed on you: all your fate trembles on a stroke. Here the conscientious man squats down, as in our second Illustration, or stoops, as in our third—a portrait of the celebrated Tom Morris—and meditates deeply on the nature of the ground. Then he walks up to the hole and minutely investigates the intervening territory. Then, in any one of divers attitudes, he applies himself to his putt, while all Nature is hushed, and no lark dare sing, no man dare stir a finger. Then he puts, and, losing or winning, heaves a sigh of relief. These processes, repeated for eighteen holes, constitute a round. The strain on the nerves, in a great competition, is believed to be considerable. One amateur says he could play well if he had a pint of champagne at every second hole. This refreshment, however, is not provided on the links, and the result of the experiment might conceivably be unsatisfactory. It is true, however, that confidence is a great part of the game. Believe you are going to hit far or to putt straight, and your faith is usually justified in your works.

There are other elements in the game—for example, playing out of bunkers. The best-hit ball may land in these sand-holes, an ill-hit ball is very likely to find its rest there. Then the player approaches the ball with a very heavy stumpy-headed iron weapon, a mashie, or a niblick. With this, if his ball lie in a heel-mark in the sand, he hits very hard, rather behind the ball, into the sand, and the ball flies out as the sand flies. Or perhaps the player “tops” the ball, and only drives it deeper into the sand, or he hits it clean, without touching the sand, and impels it hard against the firm lip of the bunker, whence it usually falls back into a worse place than before. To lose one’s temper in a bunker is usually to lose the hole. An excellent player, playing an excellent game, got into the little bunker near the last hole out, at St. Andrews, lost his temper, took nine strokes, and consequently failed to win the match. What would happen to a man who hit in that gigantic bunker, the Maiden, at Sandwich, cannot be conjectured. An incalculable number of strokes might be required to get out. It is a pleasure to get out well in one



“OLD TOM” LOOKING AT HIS “PUTT.”

stroke; to remain, “making a shindy in a sandy place,” as the poet says, with a memory of Spenser, is among the sorrows of golf.

There are many sorrows. One is, waiting half an hour on a cold day for your turn to start. Another is, being kept back by the dismal scientific slowness of the party in front; another is, to go the course “tapping and d—ing terrible,” never hitting your ball clean; another is, being “stymied”—that is, finding your opponent’s ball directly in your course to the hole, so that you cannot roll past it to your haven. Another grief is to have “a hawering deevil of a partner,” who talks, and diverts your mind from its devout attention. Yet, again, is it woeful to fall into the burn twice running, or into the pond at Wimbledon, or into impossibly thick furze-bushes. Then even fair players are for ever lapsing into certain faults, such as taking the eye off the ball at the moment of hitting, or holding the club too loosely in the left hand, the parent of all bad driving. For it is natural to hold the club more firmly in the right hand, and that is contrary to the genius of golf. Or the club may be lifted straight up, like a bat, instead of being swung with a full free curve. As the Greeks said, the number

of ways of error is infinite, and there is only one way of perfection. Yet to meditate on your errors is to become self-conscious instead of being mechanically accurate; to be stiff instead of being lithe and graceful. That is the gift of youth or of skill acquired in youth: late beginners are always stiff and awkward, even when they are powerful and accurate.

It must now be plain that golf is not a mere pottering, dawdling game. Youth, strength, suppleness, a good eye, are all necessary for real excellence. But one beauty of golf is that the old, the stiff, the short-sighted, the awkward, may all find matches with persons no more young or accomplished than themselves. They may all enjoy their few lucid intervals, and all may hope fondly to improve. The game is full of turns and chances, and a hole is never lost till it is won.

The exercise is exactly what is suited to middle age and for the old: the young, no doubt, are better suited with cricket and football. But after twenty-five few play football, and after thirty few have either the time (of which golf is economical) or the activity or the nerve for cricket. Golf is wasteful neither of time nor of money; it is played in scenes not exactly beautiful, as a rule, but airy and fresh, and within sight of the sea—for inland links afford only an imitation of golf, though better than no golf at all. Moreover, golf can always be played, except when the ground is deep in snow. To be sure, golf in a high east wind is rather a terrible penance, when the numb fingers can scarcely hold the club, and the breeze sends the ball everywhere but in the right direction. Morally, golf is excellent for the temper, if a man can bridle his tongue when he “tops” or “foozles,” and the exercise of playing an uphill game demands a certain amount of heart and resolution. To lose one’s temper with one’s partner is not so tempting as to lose it with oneself; but both faults are punished by loss of the game.

Such are the pleasures and merits—such are some of the pains—of golf. It is a game full of tribulations to all: to the beginner and the bad player there is something satanic in the infinite varieties of ill play and evil luck. We abandon the pastime, we execrate it, we forgive it, and begin again. We love it, as Catullus loved Lesbia, for its faults and treacheries; we “love it more the less we esteem it.” The long grey plains by the sea, with their familiar humps and pits, become dear to us, dearer than Alpine snows or the hills of heather. Golf has lately become a craze and a fashion, as many other games have done; and, as far as fashion is concerned, it will go out, and be neglected. But Scots, who invented it, apparently, have been true to it for many hundreds of years, and will be true to it, probably, as long as games are played by mankind. Golf is no *parennu*, as even cricket is comparatively; it is popular and national, and will live as long as haggis, or the poems of Robert Burns, who, unluckily, was not a golfer. He came from an inland and a western home, and so we have no worthy songs of golf from the national minstrel. On the other hand, we have plenty of stories—and is it not time that they got a rest? for at present they are told and retold till they become a weariness.

“PUNCH.”

In the obituary notice of the lamented Charles Keene in the *Times*, the other day, it was stated that Mr. Keene’s permanent connection with *Punch* commenced when that periodical was under the direction of Douglas Jerrold. The present editor of *Punch* has written to the *Times* to say that Douglas Jerrold was never at any time the editor of *Punch*. It is, however, a curious fact that a few years before *Punch* was started Douglas Jerrold did edit a paper called the *Penny Punch* for Mr. Duncombe, of Middle-row, Holborn. This is stated in a little work entitled “Mr. Punch: His Origin and Career,” which was published anonymously soon after the death of Mark Lemon, and contains many interesting particulars concerning the beginning of the world-famed periodical. Before the name of *Punch* was decided on, it was discussed whether the previous use of the title the *Penny Punch* would be a bar to its adoption, but it was agreed that it need not operate as an objection. It is well known that after the projectors had decided on the subsidiary title of the *London Charivari*, the other name was suggested by a jocose allusion to the beverage called punch, of which Lemon is an important ingredient.

It is highly probable that the mistake about Douglas Jerrold having edited *Punch* may owe its origin to his having been the editor of the *Penny Punch*.

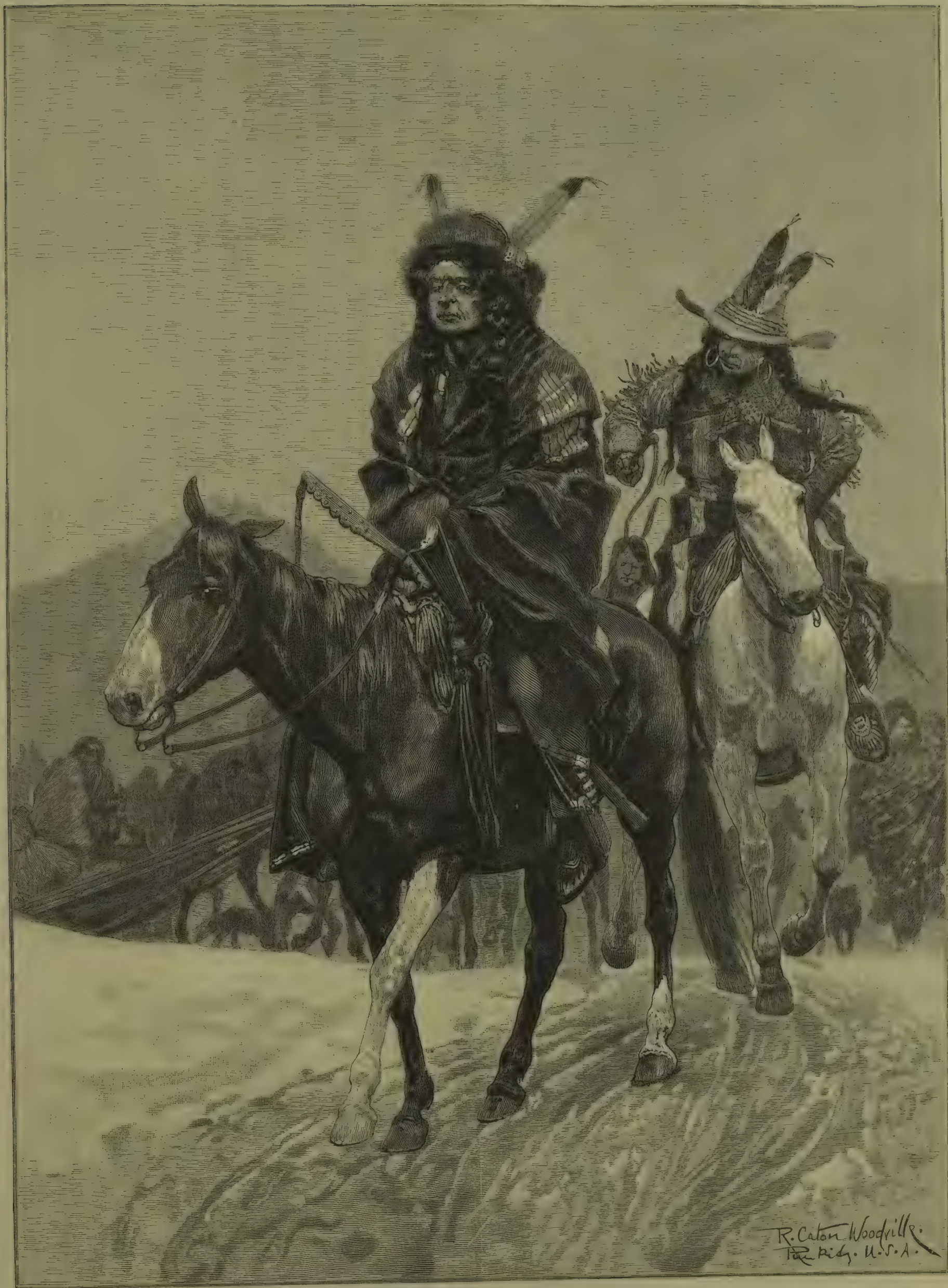
Mr. Fox Bourne, in his work on English journalism, says the paper edited by Douglas Jerrold was called *Punch* in London; but there is no doubt the two are identical, as the date (1832) is the same for both. There was also brought out in that year a paper called *Punchinello*. Indeed, the year of the great Reform Bill was very prolific of jocular journalism: at least six comic and satirical papers appeared in London within twelve months.

Mark Lemon is always spoken of as the first editor of *Punch*, but it must not be forgotten that Henry Mayhew was his co-editor up to the time of the paper becoming the property of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Mayhew had already some experience in comic journalism, for he and Gilbert A’Becket had edited *Figaro in London*, which died only two years before *Punch* was born.

An old woman, named Henley, has just been buried at Gosport after living more than ninety years in the workhouse. Her early history is unknown; but the parochial records show that in 1801, when the new workhouse was built, Henley, who was then six years of age, was transferred from the old building to the present one. The last forty years of her life were spent in the workhouse infirmary.



DUTCHWOMEN GOING TO MARKET.



THE RISING OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS: "BRAVES" LEAVING THE RESERVATION.

AN OMITTED CONSIDERATION.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

On a certain evening recently two gentlemen might have been seen walking in deep dejection from a noble building in St. Martin's-le-Grand. Soon they were followed by two others, and then by a group of three; and as they walked together they painfully reminded the parish clergyman, who happened to be passing at the time, of Lamb's description of "a party in a parlour." But, being a clergyman, he changed one word in that description, whispering to himself as the melancholy figures glided by, "All silent, and all lost!" There is such a thing as visible silence—the silence of desolation and of conscious shame, for instance; and it was that which encompassed those poor fellows as they moved through the crowd, leaning shoulder to shoulder as Adam and Eve did when the fallen pair were driven from the garden.

But why? Who were they? and what had they been doing, then? No more respectable persons could be found in her Majesty's Post Office, except, perhaps, those who enjoy the privilege of serving under Sir Arthur Blackwood's own chaste eye. Steady, sober men, and fathers of families, all their guilt was to have gone on strike. These were some of the Post Office clerks whose rebellion we heard so much of for eight-and-forty hours; and when that is said, of course it will be supposed that the strange look of outlawry which they wore was due to nothing more grave than nervous apprehension of the sack. On the Thames, as on the Bosphorus, the sack is something in which people drown and sink to the bottom, there to mingle with the residuum; wherefore it is dreadful enough. But it was not that which made these poor clerks feel so outcast as they slunk to their homes at Stockwell and Turnham Green. To strike is manly—in many cases, at any rate—but never when the stroke is against Woman; and the thought that publicly, before all the world, they had combined to strike the bread out of the mouths of the husbandless girls who worked with them, this it was that shamed our seven poor clerks. "Well hast thou cried, departed Burke, all chivalrous, romantic work is ended now and past"; but the sentiment lingers on, even in bosoms that beat behind a counter or breast the storm from the knifeboard of a Newington 'bus. Hence the tormenting abasement we have described.

But why, then, did these gentlemen choose to humiliate themselves so cruelly? They could have refrained from striking at the husbandless girls—why did not they? Easy questions; the answer to which is that they hadn't much choice, on account of other women who were not husbandless; who were, in fact, their own wives. The gloomy men whose lost look startled the parish clergyman's attention were all married; and it was because of the women at home, and the little ones about them, that those unhappy clerks had whelmed themselves in blame and shame.

This circumstance may be worth mentioning, if only for the sake of the unfortunate gentlemen themselves, whose tortures whenever they encountered the ladies they objected to in the corridors and staircases of the office no tongue can tell. But there is more in the matter than that. That women should be unhindered in competing with men in all manner of employments may be a sound principle, but the further it is carried into practice the more will a great misfortune be magnified. For it must be a great misfortune for a nation when its women are employed in exhausting work; and we know as a matter of certainty that the employment of women lowers the rate of wages by no mere five or ten per cent. That, indeed, is what makes "the sweating system" possible and ineradicable. No woman can be forbidden to take up the tailor's trade, and women can and do work for fourteen hours a day on three meals of tea and bread-and-butter. There is the "sweater's" secret; this is what he thrives upon. However, we are not going into that argument. What I wish to point out is that the employment of women in Government offices, railway offices, merchants' offices, and the like is advocated as if it must be regarded as a boon by the whole sex; which is a mistake. Go into the homes of the women whose husbands are to be superseded, or their wages cut down, and you will find a difference of opinion. Wives and mothers are women, too; what is more, they are still the majority in England, by far; and, however much they may desire that women unprovided for should have every chance of gaining an honest livelihood, do you suppose they wish it done through the ousting of their own breadwinners, or the dwindling of the loaf that feeds their children? For ninety-nine married women in a hundred the family is everything; the prosperity of their own home seems to them a fountain of hope for the whole world; and, moreover, it is their boys they think of most—their boys, and the future of those young gentlemen. Are they likely, then, to be grateful for the liberality and progress which extends the plague of "sweating" till it creeps to their own hearths? We may depend upon it that if any such sentiment exists in the minds of married women, they must be either very good ones or very careless. It was said by the sage, "The father of a family is capable of anything"; but if we could have interrogated any one of the miserable seven whose apparitions walk in the first lines of this brief screed, you would have learned that it is much the same with mothers. Discussing the matter at the domestic hearth, every one of these male sufferers had spoken words of tenderness for the poor girls whose encroachments they felt almost bound to resist; thought it hard on them; must confess it looked rather brutal to chase them back into the Black Hole competitions of needlework and governessing, and so forth. With what response? I have ascertained that in several cases there was a preliminary choke or two in the course of utterance; but in all the wife, the mother, the married woman rose against the interlopers who were taking the places, lowering the salaries, and impoverishing the prospects of men on whom the comfort of many a home depended. "If this goes on—I!" But what need is there to repeat the argument? Its hearers heard; the remnant of chivalry within them dwindled to its last spark, and they went and did what they were afterwards ashamed of, and that could not possibly be maintained.

Let us understand, then, that, though nobody can think of forbidding the substitution of women for men in employments which men have hitherto monopolised, it is not every woman who is thankful for the change. The lecturers and journalists who press for it fancy they are earning the gratitude of the whole sex; but therein they are mistaken. Yet nothing can be done. Mankind being much less cultured and clever than the ant in some things (according to Sir John Lubbock and other high authorities), a greater number of women than men are born into the world. It follows that with us many a poor girl has to fight for herself, and this she has full right to do with all the equipment she can command, no matter what man she drives from the field, or whether he be married or single. But it is a misfortune that it should be so; and should the misfortune extend, through an increasing inequality of the sexes, we shall see one consequence of it in an extension of the miseries of the "sweating system."

LITERATURE.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S "EDINBURGH."

Royal Edinburgh: Her Saints, Kings, Prophets, and Poets. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Macmillan and Co.)—There is no capital city on earth standing in a finer natural situation, with its noble surrounding hills and its neighbouring broad inlet of the sea, than that founded on a lofty rock by a Saxon Northumbrian King before the Scots and Picts had anything to do with the fair country south of the Forth. Scottish Royalty, from the King Malcolm who wedded the Saxon Princess Margaret, in the eleventh century, to the sixth James, who removed his throne to England about the beginning of the seventeenth, raised Edinburgh to metropolitan dignity, but this did not take place until late in the fifteenth century, under King James III., in 1482, though James II. had been crowned there in 1437. "Royal" Edinburgh, therefore, as the residence of the Court and Government—if the early Stewarts or Stuarts, and most of their predecessors, can be said to have governed—was of no great antiquity, and its duration little exceeded three hundred years. Mrs. Oliphant, an authoress whose versatility of talent we vastly admire, has not strictly confined herself to this period, or treated her subject in a strictly historical manner. She was certainly entitled to relate many things done at Edinburgh in long preceding ages. The small Norman chapel in the Castle, and the original foundation of Holyrood Abbey, bear witness to St. Margaret's piety, and to the munificence of St. David, her youngest son, but are no monuments of the "Royal" character of the city at that time. Indeed, the national history continued to be so far divorced from the local fortunes of Edinburgh that Robert Bruce, who occupies here but a page or two, destroyed Edinburgh Castle, as likely to be an English stronghold. The Stewarts, beginning in 1371 with his grandson Robert, son of the "Steward of Scotland," were the Edinburgh Kings of that realm—and a pretty business they made of it! Five Jameses, one Mary, and the sixth James, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, reigned either disastrously or ignominiously, and most of them died violent deaths, until the last—whom England does not call a wise, just, or valiant ruler—came to bring on this country the evils accruing from hereditary faults of his race. Their annals cannot be gratifying either to Englishmen or to modern Scotsmen. Yet it is in the times of these rash and foolish princes, beset with turbulent and perfidious factions of the nobles, and unable to suppress lawless violence or to punish treason, that "Royal Edinburgh" wears a picturesque and romantic aspect.

The civic virtues of the Edinburgh folk, in all ages, have been very notable. They were called Scots, of course, and might have been called Picts; but they are of the same sturdy, constant-minded, freedom-loving race as the people of the North of England. Border wars could never efface the kindred traits of character, but strengthened, on both sides, the hardy manhood, the chivalrous fidelity, and the keen practical sagacity of the Border families, between Yorkshire and the Forth. The robust vigour of social and municipal life in Old Edinburgh, which Mrs. Oliphant portrays with a relish to be expected from her sympathetic studies of "The Makers of Florence" and "The Makers of Venice," owed nothing to Royal patronage. Edinburgh was comparatively poor, not like the great commercial or manufacturing cities of Continental Europe; nor was she ever, like many of these, an independent city republic. She was loyal to the Scottish Kings, only rebellious against a Papist Queen for the sake of morality and the Protestant religion; but this city was never dazzled or corrupted by Court pageantry and luxury—never was like Paris under the reigns of the House of Valois. It seems to us that Mrs. Oliphant has rather missed the true moral of Edinburgh history, as her fancy is captivated, following that of Sir Walter Scott, by the air of romance, the personal gallantry, the knightly pretensions, the adventures and misfortunes, of the five Kings preceding Mary. They were not good or great Kings; they were not good or great men. James V. was the best, yet he brought his kingdom to the verge of ruin by invading England, in the time of our Reformation, at the request of the Roman Catholic priesthood. "But Edinburgh," says Mrs. Oliphant, "only retains the brighter memories, the triumphal processions, the bridal finery, the jousts and the feasts, the Parliaments and proclamations of laws and high alliances." Indeed? Then why did Edinburgh, a few years later, at the preaching of John Knox, rise up like the Florence of Savonarola, in sacred indignation, to put away the Parisian, or rather Medicean, profligacy of Mary's household, as well as the Roman Catholic Church? That great popular movement was not wholly Calvinist and fanatical: it was provoked by scandalous vices and heinous crimes. Sir Walter Scott, whom Mrs. Oliphant ranks next to Shakespeare for breadth of sympathy in understanding humanity, did not understand the religious spirit of the Reformers and Covenanters. It is more remarkable that she, who has written some religious biographies, should fail to do so; and should consider that "the only thing to be said in favour of the Reformers is that no one was burned for saying mass." We should rather say, apart from all theological or ecclesiastical controversies, that Scotland is certainly indebted to John Knox and his successors, down to the end of the seventeenth century, for the training in morality, the general purity of domestic manners, and the provision, till lately unequalled, of the means of elementary education, which have elevated the character of the whole nation.

Another great figure in that age—George Buchanan, scholar, patriot, and reformer, who was worthy to have been a contemporary and friend of Selden or of Milton—does not, any more than John Knox, command Mrs. Oliphant's hearty approbation. The Stewart Princes are "heroes worthy of everlasting remembrance"; as for Mary, one does not know whether she was "more or less guilty," but she was beautiful, clever, and unfortunate: "Royal" Edinburgh would be nothing without her and them. If we have truly read history, Edinburgh and Scotland would have been much better without some of them. Mrs. Oliphant's further essays on the later social and literary affairs of Edinburgh nowise belong to the proper subject announced in the title of her book. Her acquaintance with eighteenth-century literature had already been proved by another work. The sketch of Allan Ramsay, barber, book-seller, and poet, would have served as a good magazine article; the notice of Robert Burns as a visitor to Edinburgh suggests no reflection that is new. It is new to hear Sir Walter Scott not only hailed as "the Shakespeare of Scotland"—he has, to be sure, a finer stone monument in Edinburgh than Shakespeare has anywhere—but even as transcending "the larger kindred genius" in one respect. Let there be no mistake: it is not meant that Scott's genius is quite "so all-embracing, so ideal, so profound" as that of Shakespeare. We should think not, though we are told that Shakespeare could make only his "great ideals," Leah, Macbeth, Hamlet, and so on, into "real creatures of flesh and blood." Shakespeare's Dogberry and Verges are mere "watchmen in the abstract." Scott would have made them individual men. And what would Dickens have made them? Is not Dickens a far greater dramatic humourist than Scott? If you come to historical

romance, which of the Waverley novels will bear comparison with "Romola," or "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho"? As for novels of domestic life, Mrs. Oliphant herself has written some as good as they are made nowadays; and we could name a few by other hands as good as the "Heart of Midlothian," but readers know them well. It is, however, in the "revelation of himself as a man" that Scott is above Shakespeare. Well, Shakespeare had no Lockhart, and left no private Journal to be published long after his death. We do know that he was a prudent man who wisely retired with his modest earnings, and, living quietly at Stratford-on-Avon, composed several of his most thoughtful and majestic works, apparently careless of idle fame or greater display of wealth. He did not risk his moderate estate in a speculative partnership with printers and publishers, obliging himself to write a "Life of Napoleon" and a "Count Robert of Paris," in the decay of his mental powers, to pay off needless debts. Scott was a good man, a very great author; Shakespeare, if Mrs. Oliphant will allow us to think so, was a better man, an infinitely greater author. And if "Royal Edinburgh" be somewhat interesting, from the biographical point of view, what might be made of London?

MR. WILLIAM BLACK'S NEW NOVEL.

Stand Fast, Craig Royston! By William Black. Three vols. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The literary goldbeater's art makes a very little substance of solid and scarce metal spread over a large prescribed extent of shining space. Mr. William Black is an adept at this skilful economy of the novelist's agreeable manufacture. This new story of his, if it were cruelly reduced to the modicum of plot and incidents, apart from the sustained display of four or five well-contrasted types of personal behaviour manifested rather in sentiment than in action, might be told in few sentences. An old Scotch gentleman, George Bethune, with an insane pride of pedigree and a visionary hope of recovering the lairdship of Balloray, in Fife, by some impossible accident, has been wandering about in America, idle and poor, cherishing an enthusiastic project of compiling a book of the patriotic minor poems written by his numerous fellow-countrymen in their voluntary exile. "Stand fast, Craig Royston!" is the supposed ancestral watchword or battle-cry of a mythical ancient house in the West Highlands with whose lineage he fancies his own family to be allied. The old man, a picturesque figure with his flowing white hair, and wrapped in his tartan plaid, walks in Piccadilly and Hyde Park attended by his granddaughter, "Maisrie" or Margaret, who was born at Omaha, and is a fair, modest, noble-minded girl. They are seen, he is admired and she is loved, by Mr. Vincent Harris, a young Londoner of great expectancy, son of a rich man, friend of a Liberal Peer, Lord Musselburgh, and studying for a brilliant Parliamentary career. He takes lodgings opposite theirs in a sequestered street, makes their acquaintance, and presently alarms his friends by showing that he is resolved to have Maisrie for his wife. The opposition to this choice, unscrupulously carried on by his lively young aunt, Mrs. Ellison, a fashionable, rich, and gay widow, latterly becoming Lady Musselburgh, and by his pompous heavy father, who will cut off his pecuniary allowance, constitutes the whole plot. They proceed on the evidence gathered by diligent inquiries making old George Bethune appear a dishonest rambling adventurer, whence they infer that Maisrie is an accomplice in his frauds. It is undeniable that the self-deluded amateur of Scottish songs and ballads goes about the world collecting money subscriptions for a work never likely to be printed, and which he never begins to prepare. Mrs. Ellison, who wants her favourite, Vincent, to marry a brisk New York heiress, and the elder Mr. Harris, whose ambition is that his son may have a splendid social and political position, lay their heads together. Bribing the old Scotchman with a promise of £5000, they get him and his granddaughter away; Vincent goes to look for them, but in vain, in the United States and Canada; he returns, quarrels with his father, and earns his living as a journalist, being also M.P. for Mendover and private secretary to an eminent statesman. Finally, he gets a telegram from Maisrie, at a village near Cupar, in Fife, calling him to the death-bed of her grandfather, who has renounced the £5000, and has come to breathe his last in Scottish air, with the motto "Stand fast, Craig Royston!" the parting words of his bewildering speech.

This is a not uninteresting subject; and some of us have actually known similar half-crazy enthusiasts, perhaps one or two Scotchmen, so infatuated with the pride of race and nativity, so intoxicated with a store of unverified legends and obscure romantic or poetical allusions, so reckless of their private circumstances, ready to ask or borrow money without shame on behalf of the Patriotic Muse. They are not mere vulgar humbugs, but among the children of this generation, in sceptical London society, Mr. Bethune would be voted first a twaddling old bore—such will he probably seem to many of Mr. Black's readers—and subsequently, when his tricks are exposed, a semi-unconscious impostor, pardonable, but highly respectable, the victim of inordinate self-conceit, harmless if you let him alone. We do not find his eloquent discourse, interlarded with scraps of inferior lyric verse in the Scottish dialect and twang, without the genius of Burns or the sweet melodies of Scottish popular music, sufficiently exhilarating to an English listener. It must have been tedious, even with pipes and whisky-toddy, in those long evenings, while Vincent Harris sat patiently awaiting the sweet after-supper hour, when Maisrie would take up her violin and sing the Canadian-French love-song "Claire Fontaine." Thanks to Mr. Black for that more charming song; and now let us make bold to say—having often talked with fond fanatics like George Bethune, and having ourselves supped with the Burns Club, occasionally, on the banks of the Tweed and elsewhere—that the genuine old lyrical poetry of Western and Southern France is superior, in the graces of composition, and equal in simple tenderness and truthfulness, to most of that Scotland has produced. And is there no English and German lyrical poetry, of both the rustic and the classical kind, as good as the Scottish? The latter, indeed, owes much of its charm less to the thoughts and words than to the tunes with which they are associated, and which are a national treasury of melodious sound evoking the strongest emotions. We like to fall in with Mr. Hugh Anstruther and Mr. MacVittie at New York, and Mr. Daniel Thompson, the banker, at Toronto. If we get the volume of "Recent and Living Scottish Poets," it shall have just critical appreciation. London journalists are not such low, venal, vulgar rascals as the two whom Mr. Black has fancied in "The New Prince Fortunatus" and in this novel. Where in Fleet-street is the newspaper office at which Mr. Courtney Fox was thrashed for uttering scandal about a young lady? Mr. Black at least knows his own places of resort; and it pleases him to describe, again and again, the chambers overlooking the Thames Embankment, the esplanade at Brighton, and Henley Regatta, which are pleasant enough for repetition. In Scotland, however, we are spared, on this occasion, the feats of deer-stalking, salmon-fishing, and yachting among the Hebrides which had seemed inevitable to readers of this author's stories.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA. RIVER VOYAGE OF THE PHOENIX UP TO YENISEISK.

From our Special Artist, Mr. Julius Price.

Yeniseisk, Siberia, Oct. 26.

At length our wearisome, though not uneventful, journey is at an end, for to-day we landed at Yeniseisk, and I am writing you from the very heart of Siberia, exactly fourteen weeks after my departure from London. For six long weeks we have been tediously ploughing our way against the rapid waters of this mighty river—daily, indeed almost hourly, expecting the approach of the relentless Siberian winter, when the course of the majestic Yenisei is transformed into an icy and silent highway, and navigation for many long months is entirely at an end. Knowing, as we did, that we had not a minute to spare, it may easily be imagined with what anxiety we watched the precious days slip, and longed to see the time when our flotilla would be anchored in safety in their winter quarters; for if, by any untoward event, we had been forced to abandon them in one of the many vast and unprotected reaches of the sea-like river, certain and unavoidable destruction would have awaited them when, in the late spring of next year, the ice, released from the iron grasp of winter, breaks up, and commences its descent towards the ocean, sweeping all before it with irresistible force. Our journey, though safely accomplished inasmuch as our vessels and cargo are concerned, was, however, unfortunately marred by a very sad fatality, and we arrived at our destination with flags half-mast high, and on our deck a coffin bearing the mortal remains of one of our former companions—namely, Mr. George Lee, the Siberian agent of the Anglo-Siberian Trading Syndicate, who lost his life by falling overboard during a snowstorm on the night of Sept. 23. As I propose giving you a detailed account of the journey, I will defer particulars of that awful night until I arrive at the date on which the melancholy event occurred, and take up the thread of my narrative from the time when we left our old quarters on the Biscaya, and transferred ourselves and baggage to the river-steamer Phoenix, in readiness for the long journey we still had before us, ere we could reach our destination, Yeniseisk.

On Sept. 14 the ocean-steamer Biscaya and Thule started on their return voyage to England, it having been arranged that the tug should pilot them down to the mouth of the river, and then rejoin us as quickly as possible. It almost seemed like parting with an old friend, as we got our last glimpse of the Biscaya; for, in spite of her grimy decks and straitened quarters, we had all of us, somehow, come to look upon her as a sort of home; and when, after cheering ourselves hoarse, the two ships at length disappeared behind a distant headland, we realised that the connecting link with the Old Country was severed, so to speak, and the magnitude of the journey we had before us seemed to magnify itself. As a matter of fact, it is only now, on looking back over the six long, weary weeks during which we have slowly been making our way against the heavy stream, through hundreds and hundreds of miles of uninteresting scenery, and after quite a series of mishaps, that we can fully realise what the journey has been. For my own part, I should be sorry to undertake it again. However, let me begin the narrative. The two ships once out of sight, no time was lost, and preparations were immediately commenced for our speedy departure. The barges had to be properly

case when we passed up it, the sea is quite as heavy as it is during a "sou'wester" in the English Channel, the flat character of the "tundras" (as the vast treeless plains in these regions are called) rendering the wind exceptionally bleak. Such noble proportions are thoroughly in keeping with the enormous length of this majestic river, which, with its important tributaries the Selenga and the Angara, is over 5000 miles, and takes its rise in Chinese territory, while, according to the French geographer Reclus, its water-system covers an enormous area of nearly 2,900,000 square versts (equal to about 1,950,000 English square miles). The largest rivers in Europe dwindle into absolute insignificance in comparison with it, for the Volga, Danube, Rhone, and Rhine, if added together, would barely make a Yenisei, while the poor little Thames would be but as a small muddy brook, even when compared with one of its least important tributaries—the Kuroika, for instance. Yet on the whole of this vast



RUSSIAN CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICER.

highway, traversing as it does such a diversified tract of continent, there are only ten steamers, and these only kept going through the enterprise of such Siberian magnates as Siberiakoff, Gadaloff, Bondaresoff, and Kitmanoff. Siberia is still in its infancy, so the future of its magnificent resources cannot yet be gauged; still, should they eventually find a market in England through the medium of the Yenisei and Kara sea-route, it will be solely owing to British pluck and enterprise, as personified in Captain Wiggins, to whom is undoubtedly due the honour of being the first to land a British cargo in the heart of Siberia. Whether this bold and adventurous enterprise be destined ever to vie with that of the Hudson Bay traders, to which it can aptly be compared, is scarcely my province to discuss in an article which is purely descriptive; still, one cannot help contemplating it with pride that the old spirit which existed in our forefathers still remains, and that, while this exists, England will always retain her position as the pioneer of commercial enterprise all the world over.

For the next few days after leaving our anchorage not only was the journey uninteresting as regards events, but also from a picturesque point of view. We were still beyond the northern limit of trees, and the banks of the river, though perhaps presenting some interest to the geological student, were certainly not strikingly picturesque, and offered no artistic attractions. This barren appearance, however, gradually changed, low bushes appeared on the hillsides and gradually increased in height, till at last, on Sept. 18, we sighted the first actual tree we had seen since leaving Europe—a solitary and miserable specimen of the larch species; yet it was a very welcome sight, for it betokened our approaching return to more temperate latitudes and brighter scenes. But one must have been in the Arctic regions to understand how eager one is to get out of their dreary confines. In a very short time, trees became more and more numerous on either bank—in fact, it almost seemed as though we had crossed an invisible line beyond which they could not grow, so sudden was the change once past it. They were still a species of larch, though so small that someone remarked that they were not so "larch" (!) as in England. We also saw in the distance several white foxes along the banks: their being this colour is, as is well known, a sure sign of approaching winter. We shortly reached the small church-village of Dudinskoi, the first station of any importance we had yet come to. We arrived too late to go on shore, much as we should have liked to; for it appeared, from all accounts, to be quite a flourishing little place, boasting of a population consisting of a couple of priests, a police officer, some exiles, and a number of natives, as well as a rich merchant who owns nearly all the place. However, we made up our minds to have a look round the first thing in the morning. But "man proposes, God disposes." During the night our first mishap occurred. Without the slightest warning a strong gale sprang up, and the Phoenix had a very narrow escape of being wrecked. The river being certainly not less than six miles wide, there was quite a heavy sea on; our barges were pitched and tossed about like so many corks, and in a very short time became quite unmanageable, ending by being driven right up alongside in dangerous proximity to us. The confusion for a time was awful, and a blinding snowstorm coming on added still more to the excitement, as it was impossible to see more than a few yards on either side. Steam, indeed, was quickly got up, and it was immediately decided to get up the anchors and attempt to run before the gale up-stream. Before, however, we could get under way, one of the smaller lighters was swamped, and sank immediately. No one was on board of her at the time, fortunately. After proceeding some fifteen versts, we found a sheltered creek, and again anchored.

The gale abated as quickly as it rose, and the next day the weather was absolutely perfect. All that day we were busy replenishing our wood-bunkers, for although we had, to all appearances, an almost inexhaustible supply a couple of days before, it seemed to have positively melted away once the engines were started. As is the custom all over Siberia, nothing but wood is burnt, and this is easily understood when one comes to consider how vast is the forest region of Siberia, a region only comparable to the backwoods of North America.

At the various small stations, and also here and there along the banks of the river, are to be found huge piles of wood, placed by the villagers, ready cut, for the use of the steamers plying between Yeniseisk and the mouth of the river. This wood is for sale at an average price of 1½ roubles (a little more than 3s. 8d.) per cubic fathom—(N.B. the Russian fathom is 7 ft.,

not 6 ft. as in England)—not dear, considering how much time is saved by finding the wood all ready for use, as we afterwards discovered when on one or two occasions we ran short of fuel, and, there being no "station" near, we actually had to burn all our available spars and other spare timber, and eventually had to send men ashore to cut down trees—a long and tedious operation. The Phoenix burns about fifteen fathoms a day, as I afterwards learnt; so my astonishment at the quick way the huge piles vanished down the bunker-holes is easily explained. I hear that some of the other river steamers burn as much as thirty fathoms in the twenty-four hours. Just as we were finishing loading wood the tug hove in sight, much to our relief, as she was already overdue, and fear had been expressed for her safety. She was soon alongside, and we then learnt that she had safely accomplished her mission of piloting the two ships down to Golchika, but not, however, without a few mishaps, for she had a serious fire in her bunkers, and on one occasion had been aground in a nasty position for no less than nine hours. However, "all's well that ends well," and our party was now complete again. The next few days were uneventful: the weather was bitterly cold, and snow occasionally fell, so the surrounding landscape—if the dreary expanse of monotonous banks could be so called—looked, if anything, still more dreary. Then occurred the second incident in the long series of mishaps which followed us throughout the voyage.

We were busy loading wood one afternoon, when suddenly the captain rushed on deck and, in an excited voice, called out that we had sprung a leak! It may easily be imagined the effect this announcement had on us—it came like a thunder-bolt, so little were we expecting anything unusual. On further investigation it was found that the water was gaining rapidly, so without losing a moment all the men were instantly recalled to the ship and ordered to commence clearing the hold, in order, if possible, to discover the damage and, if not too late, make it good. The excitement was great, for, although we were only about two miles from the shore, the situation was extremely grave, from what we could learn from those who had been down to see. Most of us, therefore, got our papers and valuables in readiness in case of emergency. In the meantime, the pumps were going, and steam got ready, so that, in the event of its being necessary, the ship could be run ashore at a moment's notice. For some hours no visible headway was made against the enemy, till towards nine o'clock, after several hours of hard and persistent work in icy cold water, the men were relieved, as it was discovered the water was abating. It afterwards transpired that, from some unexplained cause, a plate had been started, and the "list" given to the ship by the loading of the wood on one side only had caused the inrush of water. One of the engineers was fortunately soon able to patch it up and obviate any further danger. The prospect of having, perhaps, to abandon our comfortable quarters was not enticing while it lasted, and it certainly was with a great sense of relief that we got under way once more, and then sat down to an extra late dinner, with a bottle of champagne to



A POLICE OFFICER ON THE YENISEI RIVER.

commemorate our escape. For the next twenty-four hours we fortunately were able to proceed without any special incident: the weather still continued very cold and wintry, and much snow fell. The few scattered trees on the banks now grew more closely together, till at length we reached a dense forest, which we never afterwards entirely lost sight of. Right away southward, with scarcely a break, I learnt, it stretches to the far distant Chinese frontier, some five thousand miles, while to east it is bounded by the river Lena, which thus gives it an approximate breadth of 2000 miles—probably the largest tract of forest-land in the world, and, as I have previously remarked, only comparable to the backwoods of America. Very depressing was the effect of this continuous wall of trees, in all the various stages of growth and decay—in some parts the predominance of firs giving it almost the appearance of a huge plantation of telegraph-poles. The chief trees appeared to be pine, white birch, lime, and mountain ash.

(To be continued.)



A VILLAGE PRIEST.

stowed, a lot of spare timbers which had been brought down had to be cut up for the engines, and a host of minor details seen to before starting on our long journey. Two days were thus spent, and then at last, exactly a month after our arrival in the river, we made a start with our heavy load in tow. We made but slow progress, for the stream was strong. Still, we could not help feeling thankful at moving at all, after our long period of inactivity.

Although we were now nearly 300 miles from the mouth of the river, there was no perceptible difference in its enormous width, which must nearly average ten miles for at least 400 miles from the sea, while in many places it widens out into such enormous expanses of water that it can only be likened to a continuous series of huge lakes. As a matter of fact, between Golchika and Karaoul, at a distance of 200 miles from the sea, there is one part where for nearly 100 miles it is over sixty miles in width, and, when there is a gale blowing, as was the



LOADING WOOD FOR THE RIVER STEAMER PHOENIX ON THE YENISEI.



A SAMOYEDE'S GRAVE IN NORTHERN SIBERIA.



R. TAYLOR & CO.

1. Morning.

2. Night.

3. Afternoon.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS ON THE SERPENTINE.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

When the curtain fell on the new farcical comedy at the Strand, and, in response to cries for the author, which were not cries of approbation, a gentleman came forward and said that Mr. Burnand was not in the theatre, I thought he might very pertinently have made a little speech which would have run something like this: "You are not pleased with our piece, and we don't pretend that it is first-rate. But what do you expect? You are the playgoers who always want to be amused. You must have your laugh. Well, the native invention of the British playwright is not equal to the strain of providing you with a perpetual round of new and original jokes. Mr. Burnand has been in the comic business for many years, and he has done his best to turn French farces into diverting English without shocking the Lord Chamberlain. I regret to say that the French dramatists do not always provide Mr. Burnand with the most suitable material. He has to cut it, and patch it, and stitch it in places where the impropriety is a little too obvious. If you were content to have one good laugh in each of the three acts, our play might have gone very well. But you are so utterly unreasonable that you expect to laugh the whole evening." Had that speech been made, I should have been inclined to say that the gentleman who came in front of the curtain had a pretty good case. It is true that the average of one good laugh per act was not quite maintained. In the third act of "Private Inquiry" I don't think anybody even smiled. The complications which brought all the characters on the stage were not amusing, and the poor things were involved in a maze of explanatory dialogue through which the audience were not disposed to follow them. But in the second act Mr. Edouin, as the private inquiry agent, had been distinctly comic more than once. And, as the playgoer who wants his laugh ought to know by this time that one hearty roar in an ordinary adaptation from the French is a very full allowance, it would have been judicious on his part if he had left the theatre immediately after this entertainment.

Personally, I think we are apt to proceed on a wrong principle in dealing with plays of this class. If you take up a humorous book, say a volume of Mark Twain, you don't rave at him if he fails to amuse you in every page. The best plan is to dip into it here and there. Why can't we dip into a piece like "Private Inquiry"? How much better it would be if Mr. Edouin were to publish a time-table called "When the Laugh Comes In," and showing the exact moment for the fun! The story does not matter: what the hilarious playgoer needs is the right stimulus at the right instant. There would always be enough people of a placable temperament to sit through the performance, and at the end of it the exacting gentlemen who have had their laughs according to the time-table might flock in for the fall of the curtain, and give the author and the hard-working actors unstinted applause. I know Mr. Edouin is capable of much better things than this, and I have grateful recollections of his humorous powers. Mr. Maltby, too, is a comedian who has given me many agreeable moments, and Miss Marie Linden and Miss May Whitty have charmed me often. But while it is their fate to play in "Private Inquiry" they would find the time-table system answer exceedingly well. But it must be managed with discrimination. Mr. Edouin is sure of a laugh in his interview with the suspicious husband, but he must not ask the rollicking playgoer, who objects to anything serious, to listen to Mr. Burnand's joke about a lady's crewel-work, or to come in just when Mr. Maltby, because somebody mentions Madame X., is doomed to murmur "Ex-cellent"; or when, by way of friendly advertisement for the Lyceum, no doubt, Mr. Maltby tells the story of Claudio and Hero, and Mr. Beauchamp says, "What a hero!" These are gems of wit which should be left to the readers of a certain weekly journal.

I am not yet able to say anything about Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play at the Haymarket, but I should like to express the hope that "Beau Austin" is not entirely displaced. No piece in my recollection less deserved to have its sins visited upon it after a first hearing. When I saw it for the second time I was struck not only by the great improvement in the representation, but also by the cordial appreciation of the audience. The first performance was defective in many ways, and it excited little more than respectful curiosity in the majority of those who witnessed it. But gradually the real beauty of the play has won for it many admirers. It has been extravagantly praised and absurdly depreciated. The story is not told with faultless skill, and the last act is still rather bald, although the dumb image of a Royal personage has latterly been permitted to say a few perfunctory words. Nor has the rapid reform of the elderly rake become convincing. But there is more genuine humanity in the play than in many others which have secured conventional credit, and it is written with a distinction which is unfortunately not common. The extreme simplicity and directness of the plot make it seem thin to those who are accustomed to ordinary stage-craft, but the perfect freshness of the theme and of the handling brought a measure of compensation for any inexperience of treatment. I have seen few more delicate pieces of comedy than the Beau's dismissal of young Anthony Musgrave in the second act. Here Mr. Tree was in every way excellent, and he was admirably aided by the boyishness of Mr. Harwood's young cornet. When I was at the Haymarket the other evening Miss Blanche Horlock played Dorothy Musgrave, and, though she was not equal to the passion of the part, she made one of the sweetest pictures I have ever set eyes on. I will not say that Mr. Tree has ever made the Beau's pleading with the woman he has injured absolutely moving, for it is difficult to accept the complete sincerity of the man who has been so suddenly transformed from the thoughtless libertine to the penitent lover. But how many libertines have been transformed on the stage with at least equal celerity? The novelist can show the gradual progress of repentance, but the dramatist has to give us the flower almost as quickly as he sows the seed. I have little doubt that this idyl of Tunbridge Wells would have delighted the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield," who did not hesitate to reform young Thornhill with the utmost promptitude when that scapegrace discovered where his true interests lay. It will not be pretended that George Austin's penitence is less impressive than that of the young man who married Olivia Primrose by accident when he really contemplated an act of the grossest baseness.

Of course I do not say that "Beau Austin" is to be compared with Goldsmith's masterpiece, but it has a touch of the same old-world charm, not too old to be relished by this generation. It leaves a sense of intellectual pleasure and of real human emotion—not very poignant, it may be, but something which makes a tender memory. When you think of it, there are only a few plays on our stage of which this holds true, and still fewer when you class your impressions of the play apart from your impressions of the actors. Most of our modern dramatic work lives on the merits of great players. And if some people had their way, pieces which stand on their own reputation would have no stage existence beyond the

traditions left by actors of a bygone generation. Certain characters in Shakspeare, we are told, ought to be played in a certain fashion or not at all, and when a comedian undertakes a part like Dogberry, and plays it with a fresh individuality, there is a great wagging of heads over his supposed disregard of a tradition, which, probably, nobody can define. It is amusing to read that Mr. Mackintosh has committed a great offence by making Dogberry laugh at his own absurd wit—the very weakness which "the learned constable" shares with stupid and pompous officials all the world over. Dogberry is never more completely an ass than when he is poking clumsy fun at his comrades. What I admire in Mr. Mackintosh is the independence with which he has fashioned an impersonation which has so much humour and breadth, and which shows that in certain Shakspearean parts this actor ought to go far.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
S K (Cornwall).—In your proposed solution of No. 2438, if White take P en passant, the capture constitutes a third move, and the conditions of the problem are not observed. We are observing your request in the other matter.
O T B (Birkenhead).—We shall be pleased to include you among our regular solvers. Your present venture, however, is rather unfortunate.
WHITE PAWN.—Unless they are contained in the Chess World itself, we have no knowledge of their existence elsewhere.
C P S (Scarborough).—If Black play Kt takes Q, White answers with 2. P to Q K 4th, and mate must follow.
V B (Bristol).—You have done very well for a beginning, solving correctly both No. 2438 and Miss Baird's problem. There is a catch in the unknown author's which has deceived you. After 1. R to Kt 5th, B takes B, White Castles and mates.
W ROBERTSON (Perth).—No. 2 is the better, and it shall receive further consideration.
W D M (Amethyst Chess Club).—We are sorry your notice arrived too late for insertion, but we shall be pleased to publish the result.
E N F (St John's Wood).—Many thanks. The original three-mover is very pretty.
E B SCHWANN.—Your two-move position is, like some wines, "curiously old." We think you could do better with something less set and formal.
L DESANGES (Rome).—Please test the effect of 1. Q to Kt 5th (ch); also 1. Kt to B 7th, &c. Many thanks for your good wishes.
Mrs BAIRD.—We hope to publish your excellent problem shortly.
CONCISE SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS. Nos. 2423 to 2436 received from P B Bonnie (Melbourne); of Nos. 2429 to 2431 from O H B (Barkley East, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2430 from A Gwinner and A N P (Brecon); of No. 2438 from Victor B Rush (Bristol), C Marsh, H Rice, T G (Ware), J L Moore, E C McMaster, E W Brook, J D Tucker (Leeds), F L James, C M A B, G Esposito Law (Naples), Herbert Chown, and Sorrento (Dawlish).
CONCISE SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS. No. 2437 received from R H Brooks, George Joyce, L Desanges (Rome), W David (Gdft), G E Peracini, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W L Kailien, N Harris, Herbert Chown, H B Harford, T G (Ware), Martin F (Glasgow), M Burke, Sorrento (Dawlish), Joseph T Pulley (Lancaster), R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W R B (Plymouth), K E H, Hereward, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Dawn, E Bygott (Sandbach), Alpha, Julia Short (Exeter), Fr Fernando (Dublin), J D Tucker (Leeds), A S Brayshaw, Rev Winfield Cooper, Blair H Cochrane, B D Knox, J Dixon, Shadforth, H S B (Fairholme), E Loudon, Dr F St, T Roberts, D McCoy (Galway), W Wright, S R Long, Z Ingold, and W Frampton.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2437.—By A. N. BRAYSHAW.

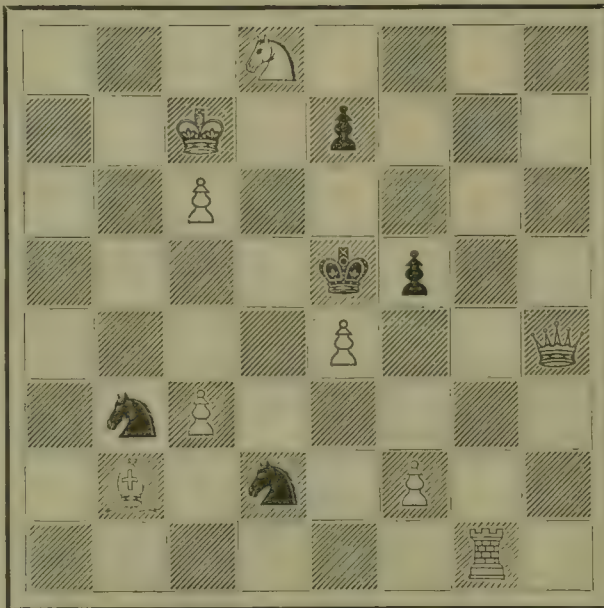
WHITE.
 1. K to Q 3rd
 2. Q takes B
 3. K takes P (dis ch), and Mate.
BLACK.
 B to Kt 8th (ch)
 K to B 4th

If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. P to Kt 4th (ch); and if 1. D takes P, then 2. Q takes P (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2441.

By JAMES RAYNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.
 White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in Mr. Fraser's International Tourney between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and CHESHIRE.

(Three Knights Game.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. K takes B	B to K 3rd
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	14. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
3. K Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. B to K B 4th	Q R to K 3rd
4. B to Q B 4th	Kt takes K P	16. R to K 5th	P to K Kt 3rd
5. Kt takes Kt	P to Q 4th	17. Q to K R 6th	Q to K B 3rd
6. B to Q 3rd	P takes Kt	18. Q to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd
7. B takes P	B to Q 3rd	19. R to Q B 5th	
8. Castles	P to K B 4th		

It would be much better to Castle at once.
 9. B takes Kt (ch) P takes B
 10. Kt takes K P B takes Kt
 11. R to K sq Q to K 2nd
 12. P to Q 4th B takes R P (ch)

In view of the interest taken in Mr. STEINITZ's correspondence match with Mr. Tschigorin, in which he adopts his new defence to the "Evans Gambit," we take the following moves from the *Daily News* of a game won by Mr. GUNSBURG against the same defence.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to K R 4th	Kt to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. B takes Kt	Kt takes B
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	19. Kt to B 5th	Kt to K 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P		
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th		
6. Castles	Q to B 3rd		
7. P to Q 4th	Kt to R 3rd		

The fruit of Mr. Steinitz's second thoughts on this opening.
 8. B to K Kt 5th Q to Q 3rd
 9. P to Q 5th Kt to Q sq
 10. Q to R 4th B to Kt 3rd
 11. Kt to R 3rd P to Q B 3rd
 12. B to K 2nd

This move was adopted for the first time by Tschigorin in his recent correspondence game, his favourite move previously being Q R to Q sq. It is worthy of note, however, that in the tenth game of his match with Steinitz he here played B to Q 3rd, which the latter regarded as a winning stroke.
 12. B to B 2nd
 13. Kt to B 4th Q to B sq
 14. P to Q 6th

A powerful, and apparently unlooked-for coup, again originating with Tschigorin. It is hard to see what Black can do after this, and although the play hereafter varies from the correspondence game the same ending seems probable in each.
 11. B takes P
 15. Kt to Kt 6th R to Q Kt sq
 16. Q takes R P Kt to Kt 5th
 Black here naturally seeks a different combination from his other game, in order that his hand may be shown no further, but the text move is useless. White now forces the game by a masterly combination.
 17. Kt to K R 4th Kt to K 3rd
 18. B takes Kt Kt takes B
 19. Kt to B 5th Kt to K 3rd
 There was nothing better. We take the following analysis from the *Daily News* correspondent in answer to the alternative of P to Kt 3rd: 20. Kt takes B (ch), Q takes Kt; 21. Q R to Q sq, Q to B 2nd; 22. Kt takes B, R takes Kt; 23. B takes P (ch), and wins.
 20. K R to Q sq B to B 2nd
 21. Kt to R 8th R takes Kt
 22. Q takes R K to Q sq
 23. R takes P (ch) K takes R
 24. R to Q sq (ch), and wins.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There exist sundry mortals in the Metropolis who make a practice, I believe, of bathing in the Serpentine every morning, all the year round. If I mistake not, there is also held, each Christmas morning, a swimming-match on the same sheet of ornamental water. This year, despite the Arctic temperature, one read in the newspapers that the morning bathe was duly performed through the time of frost and snow. The bare idea (I do not intend making a pun) of persons being so foolishly heroic as to plunge into water the ice over which had to be broken in order to permit of the matutinal escapade, is enough to cause ordinary well-clad mortals to shiver in their clothes. A correspondent inquires how it is that no harm seems to accrue to the bathers in the Serpentine from their somewhat foolhardy practice. One can only answer such a question by once more quoting the "personal equation" as an explanation. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," in other words; and what nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand (probably the proportion is larger) cannot do in the way of an open-air cold bath in winter without incurring risk of death from chill, pleurisy, bronchitis, pneumonia, or heart-failure, the thousandth person is able to do, and, what is more, to enjoy it.

I observe that on a recent occasion, when the bold band of bathers broke the ice and dived into the Serpentine, the thermometer stood in Hyde Park at 18 deg. Fahrenheit during the night, and was standing at 21 deg. Fahrenheit at 8 a.m. A circumstantial account of the bathe details that the subjects of the experiment do not remain above a minute in the water, that they dry quickly, and clothe themselves as rapidly as possible, and that they are mostly clad in garments of woollen nature, which take but little time in adjusting. With all these precautions, a minute in ice-cold water, in the open air, is, it must be confessed, a trial of strength and endurance such as few civilised men could successfully practise. The one vital question is that of reaction. The warm glow after the bath is the test of its harmlessness. Yet, how far even a strong and robust man may venture thus to tempt his fortune in the way of health it is difficult to say. Apparent strength and robust nature may fail at the critical moment under the severe shock of the Serpentine bath, and the immunity enjoyed for many days may suddenly come to an end under some unsuspected strain of heart or blood vessels. Besides, what additional advantage, I should be pleased to know, is to be gained by a bath in the Serpentine over a cold bath in one's house? There is something "very English" about the whole proceeding, which suggests, indeed, the desire to break the bathing record as the mainspring of the whole proceeding.

Surely astronomers are beginning to descend to the commonplace in respect of the names of the heavenly bodies. I observe that certain recently discovered asteroids have been named "Emma," "Amelia," "Felicia," "Regina," "Nenetta," and "Brasilina." I presume all those names, save perhaps the last, are those ordinarily bestowed on females. Is not this a descent from the high-flown Vegas and Lyras and other terms by which the planets have been designated? If the commonplace in nomenclature is to become a feature of astronomy, the next batch of new asteroids which cross the field of observation may be expected to be christened "Betsy," "Sarah Ann," "Mary Jane," or even "Susan" or "Jemima." Sir Robert Ball and his friends must really see to the revision of the terminology of the stars.

The air is still full of germs, metaphorically speaking, and two recent observations deal with certain interesting phases in this field of research. First of all, it seems that the arrow-poisons used by the natives of the New Hebrides owe their virulent properties to the presence of germs which cause blood-poisoning when the arrow wounds an adversary. The poison in question is said to consist of earth which is simply taken from marshy soil and made to adhere to the arrow by dipping the latter in a glutinous substance. The drying process kills at least one form of germ, while another germ, or that producing tetanus (popularly, lockjaw), is left active in the earth of the arrow-head. The person wounded thus dies of tetanus. It seems remarkable to find that these aborigines should have discovered this method of rendering their weapons poisonous. Presumably, the discovery was an accidental one, and has been practised, as most savage customs are, simply through sheer force of imitation. Arrows thus poisoned, it is further noted, lose their poisonous properties after being kept for some time. In other quarters of the globe, arrow-poisons of vegetable nature are used, and these latter, it is said, retain their virulence for lengthened periods.

The second item in the way of germ-knowledge relates to what is called antagonism betwixt one germ and another. This means that one germ may possess the power to render another germ innocuous. Something of this kind was promulgated some years ago by a Dr. Cantani of Naples, who alleged he could cure consumption (due to the *bacillus tuberculosis*) by causing the patient to inhale infusions of the *bacterium termo*, in itself a harmless germ. This treatment, it need not be said, came to nothing, greatly as it was exploited for a season. The principle of antagonism, however, is perfectly familiar to workers in germ-research. Thus, a certain bacillus, which is the cause of the bluish colour of pus, seems to be able to render harmless the germ of anthrax, or splenic fever. That is to say, if both germs are simultaneously injected into the tissues of an animal, it does not perish from splenic fever, as would certainly be the case were it inoculated with the anthrax germs alone. Curiously enough, if the one germ is inoculated at a point distant from that at which the other germ is injected, the protective result is not nearly so well marked, or so successfully carried out—a fact which seems to point to the victory being likely to accrue to the germ which first succeeds in gaining full possession of the blood of the animal. The day may yet dawn—and Koch's discoveries seem to point in this direction—when, for each noxious bacillus, we may be able to find another and opposing germ, inoculation of which may serve to prevent the successful attack of the disease-producing organism.

Growing plants require nitrogen as part and parcel of their food. Do they obtain this element from the air or from the soil? is a question which has of late years given botanists a deal of trouble as regards a correct reply. Sir John Lawes says that plants take nitrogen from the soil, while other observers, taking the opposite view, teach that plants are able to utilise the great store of nitrogen represented in the air. But it has been shown that certain low forms of plant-life—germs, in fact—living on the roots of higher plants, possess the power of fixing the nitrogen of the air for the use of the latter. Leguminous plants especially (peas, beans, vetches, &c.) seem to obtain their nitrogen in this way. The fable of the lion and the mouse seems to be practically represented by this action of lower plant-life in materially aiding higher existence.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Doubtless the tradesmen who get convicted under the Adulteration Acts consider the penalties thereby made and provided to be of sufficient magnitude; but the victims to the evil practices that those Acts are intended to check may be excused if they hold a different opinion. Nothing can be more abominable than that the very food that is taken to support life and health should be charged with poison in order that an unholy profit may swell the purse of the shopkeeper. Perhaps the deepest depth of that wicked and nefarious practice of adulteration is reached when it is the health of invalids and babies that is so sacrificed—that is to say, when the milkman is the sinner. There are retailers in that business who have been prosecuted as many as twenty times, but who find it profitable to pay the highest fine that the law allows over and over again, and calmly to continue their adulteration. A long and active carrying-out of the law in the parish of Paddington has now so far succeeded in reforming the morals of the milk-vendor that four out of five samples are found to contain the proper proportion of cream, and not more than the natural modicum of water. But that even one fifth of the milk sold should be still adulterated is a very serious matter; and in the poor parishes, where the Acts are not so well administered, the proportion is far greater.

Probably there will never be a great improvement in this matter till adulteration is regarded by the law as what it really is—one of the most objectionable and injurious forms of robbery. In that case, the offenders who charge fivepence per quart for water would be sent to prison for their fraud; and that would be pretty sure to put a stop to the evil practice, as no petty fines can ever do. Assuredly it is not too vindictive to desire to see this course adopted, for the very life of thousands of infants and of not a few invalids is what is at stake, even when the milk is merely deprived of its nourishing elements.

But a new danger has lately arisen of injury being found in the milk-can. Attention should be given, for the children's sakes, to the practice which has grown up of putting some substance in the milk to prevent its "turning." It is understood to be now the rule rather than the exception for the milkman to put either borax or salicylic acid in the much-abused fluid, in order that it shall not go sour. A very small portion of either suffices, it is true, and doubtless, therefore, it is harmless to grown-up people in health, who generally do not take any great quantity of milk. But it is far otherwise with sick people, who must lean for their main support on this article, and with tiny infants, who live on cow's milk, if bottle-fed, and in whose sensitive delicate organisations a very small portion of a foreign substance may do great mischief. It is quite idle to say that the drugs in question have no particular effect on the human system. They are powerful medicines—especially salicylic acid, the modern specific for rheumatism—and if they can alter a diseased state they must also affect, and necessarily injuriously, a healthy one. It is quite time that we housewives formed an anti-adulteration league. I understand that the law does not interfere with the addition of a preservative such as salicylic acid to milk; in that case the law needs strengthening, as every mother whose baby is living on cow's milk will agree.

Due mention has been given elsewhere on general grounds to the late editor of this Journal, Mr. J. L. Lathey; but I may, perhaps, be excused, if I refer to the characteristic that was

most striking to myself—his beautiful old-world courtesy of manner to women. It was the most singular and delightful mixture that I met, when I had occasion to see him, of the authority of the editor and of the aged man with the deference and gracious courtesy of the gentleman of the old school to the woman. Others found the same charm. When I first mentioned to Mr. George Augustus Sala that I was to have the honour of writing this column, he said: "Have you seen the editor? He is eighty years old, but my wife says that the housemaids quarrel as to which of them shall take my 'copy' to the office, because they are so fond of seeing Mr. Lathey!" Shortly afterwards I heard of a famous but rather sour elderly literary lady who invariably took Mr. Lathey some flowers on her occasional visits to the office, because "he made her feel as if she wanted to do something to please him." So the charm was felt by all sorts and conditions of women. Yet, if I were asked to say in what it consisted, I should be altogether puzzled. He occasionally used the old-fashioned form of address—"Madam," but he did not bow to the ground, or smile on one, or display any peculiarity that can be captured and described. Like the smell of rose-leaves in old bundles of letters, the charm of the chivalry of his manner was all-pervading yet indistinguishable.

Would that younger men could copy that old-fashioned manner! Surely it was the manner of the older world, for I have known it in two other aged men—one a very eminent divine yet living, and whom, therefore, it would be bad taste for me to name, and the other one of my medical teachers, Professor E. W. Murphy, whom all old "University men" will remember, and who dated, like Mr. Lathey, from the beginning of the century. Were our grandfathers generally like that, I wonder—and, if so, where and why has the grand manner departed? For, alas! it exists not in the young man of the present day: he is so very different, even at his best! Is it the growing independence of women that creates the brusque, "chummy" manner which seems to be the ideal tone towards the other sex of the young fellow of today? Well, if so, there is something to be regretted in the change. It is true, as John Stuart Mill says, that, "if we deprive woman of the ground on which she ought to stand, it matters little with what grimaces of gallantry we offer her a chair." But grimaces of gallantry are one thing, and courtesy and grace of manner are another. Cannot our young men steer the middle course, or is *fin-de-siècle* fairness really incompatible with *entrée-de-siècle* politeness?

Year by year Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris makes a grander "function" of that distribution of a small twelfth-cake to his company, for which one Baddeley provided in his will over a hundred years ago. This year there were more than a thousand guests present when the curtain drew up at midnight on the beautiful Golden Hall scene of the pantomime, with well-laden tables covering the stage in place of glittering costumes. In one stage box sat Mrs. Bernard-Beere, wearing a dark velvet mantle, having a high Medici collar of skunk, so tightly gathered round her throat that her gown was invisible. In the next box appeared Miss Grace Hawthorne, in a bright-red silk dress, more showy than the red much mixed with black of Lady Dunlop in the opposite box. Lord Londesborough and a party occupied the Royal box, and handsome Mrs. Augustus Harris had the one opposite, she wearing a gown entirely white. It was interesting to go on the stage and see at close quarters the scene that looks so magnificent from across the footlights. It does really bear close inspection very well, though the great golden chandelier, with its dozens of electric lights, proves to be cardboard, and the gilded and marble

statues are found to be hollow when one looks at them from behind!

There has been a great congress of natives held at Bombay to discuss Indian affairs, when, I am glad to report, it was decided, by a large majority, to extend to twelve years the age at which a child-wife can be demanded home by her husband. Taking heart of grace from this encouragement, the Government of India have announced that they propose to repeal the present "conjugal rights" law under which the English prisons are used to punish a woman who refuses to go to live with a husband to whom she was married in infancy; and they have resolved also to take some active steps to put down the "boycotting" to which a Hindoo father is now subjected if he refuse to marry his daughter off while she is yet a little child. These reforms are small, but they are in the right direction for the happiness of our Indian sisters.

In the opinion of the *Lancet* the dog-muzzling order should have been enforced for yet another three months. During the period of nearly two years in which the use of the muzzle has been compulsory, the annual number of reported cases of hydrophobia among dogs in London has fallen from four hundred to nil. The last quarter of 1890 was entirely free, but in that preceding there were eight cases.

The Czarewitch, who is still in India, met with a grand reception on his arrival at Jeypore, one of the chief features of which was a procession of elephants through the city. During the day his Imperial Highness exchanged visits with the Maharajah, and in the afternoon went out tiger-shooting. Two tigers were killed, both falling to the gun of Prince Bariatsinsky. In the evening the Czarewitch dined with the Maharajah, on whose behalf the Dewan proposed the health of Queen Victoria, the Czar, the King of Greece, and of his Imperial guest. The entertainments after dinner included a nautch dance and a grand display of fireworks.

It is very probable that Dr. Koch will be in London about Easter, nor is it unlikely that he may then be offered high hospitalities at the hands of his medical brethren in this country. Meanwhile, Professor Virchow has been expressing himself rather sceptically before the British Medical Society on the subject of Dr. Koch's lymph. It was quite possible, said the famous pathologist, as the result of his own observations, that the injection of the lymph might destroy tuberculous tissue; but this was a point which had not yet been clearly proved. His observations were based on twenty-one various cases of tuberculosis which had been treated in the Charité according to Dr. Koch's method, and yet ended fatally.

Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, entered, on Sunday, Jan. 11, upon the seventy-seventh year of his age, and yet he seems as full of life and courage as ever. For more than half a century he has been a leading figure in the public affairs of the colony. To him Canada is chiefly indebted for the secularisation of the clergy reserves, the improvement of the criminal laws, the promotion of public instruction, the extension of the municipal system, the reorganisation of the militia and the Civil Service, the extension of the franchise to capable Indian citizens, the promotion of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways, the ratification of the Washington Treaty of the last decade, and, above all, the confederation of British North America and the extension and consolidation of the Dominion. A noble record truly, and yet Sir John by no means feels his work to be at an end. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, his "gray spirit yearns in desire to follow knowledge like a sinking star."

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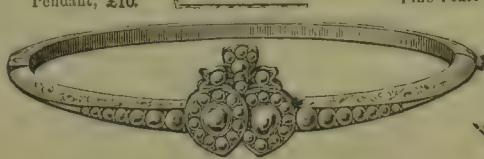
Fine Diamond and Moonstone Heart Pendant. £10.

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Fine Pearl Daisy and Fancy Drop Necklet, £10.

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Fine Diamond Double Heart and Knot Brooch. £15.



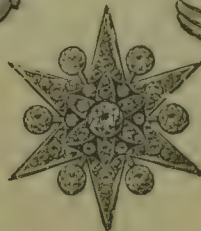
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A SLOVAK VILLAGE MAIDEN.

The girl in her gala dress, with embroidered sleeves and cap of silk and lace, who figures in a picture by a foreign artist, belongs to that numerous Slavonic race, collectively named Slovaks, akin to the Moravians and to the Czechs of Bohemia, who inhabit the north-western part of Hungary. Their speech is a dialect of the Czech language, but has no cultivated literature, nor have they a history so distinguished as that of the Bohemian nation. Most of these people are of the Roman Catholic Church. The aggregate of Slav nationalities in the Austro-Hungarian Empire is sixteen millions, including also the Southern Slavs of Croatia, the Serbs and Slovenes.

IS LUXURY A CRIME?

It needs very little observation of the world to convince us that there is not enough plain living and high thinking in society at large. If people with abundant means were more cultivated, if there were less eagerness to acquire wealth for its own sake, and a greater disposition to distribute it among deserving industries; if, above all, our social inequalities could be so far mitigated that wealth would not mean luxury and ease for the few at the price of ill-requited toil for the many; the world would unquestionably be all the better. It is not difficult to revel in these ideals. It is the easiest of all tasks to preach against the evils of our social system. But when men write books for the amelioration of suffering, when philosophers undertake to instruct us in the practical means of bettering the condition of the poor, and enlarging the minds of the wealthy, something more is expected from them than the vague protests of the pulpit. In Emile de Laveleye's work on "Luxury" (Swan Sonnenschein) there is much quotation from Bossuet. That great divine thundered against the riches of his day. His sermons are fine specimens of oratory. But when he called on his contemporaries to practise not merely self-denial but asceticism, to transform half the world into a monastery and the other half into a nunnery, society turned a deaf ear. And it is probable that M. de Laveleye's little volume will fall on stony ground, for the eminent political economist is quite as impracticable as the illustrious preacher.

Women should read this book, if only to learn how great is their responsibility, in the writer's judgment, for the corruption of the age. M. de Laveleye is anxious to destroy the sentiments which prompt the desire for luxury. A woman wears a necklace of pearls worth £4000. "How foolish!" says our economist. "Artificial pearls are more regular, and have as much brilliancy." But the lady must have the real pearls, because they cost "an immense sum," and excite the jealousy of rivals who cannot afford it. Has it never occurred to M. de Laveleye that many women wear the sham jewels he recommends solely because these seem to be genuine? Does he admire this kind of deception? Which is the less moral act—to wear paste, because it looks like a diamond, or to wear diamonds, because one prefers the real stones? Surely this obvious consideration shows the absurdity of trying to identify morality with artificial gems. Diamonds are not worn simply to excite the rage of ladies who cannot obtain them. To quite a considerable number of women they are habitual ornaments, the use of which is quite unconnected with any sinister design on a neighbour's peace of mind. But M. de Laveleye has the philosophical idea that jewels betoken a low standard of civilisation. Forgetting his admiration of artificial pearls, he complains that women degrade themselves to the level of savages by "surrounding their necks with beads or small

pieces of metal." He reminds us that "civilised nations have borrowed from England the black suit of the Quaker." No Englishman wears black unless he is in mourning, and the evening dress which M. de Laveleye apparently has in his mind was certainly never worn by Quakers. In truth, our economist falls into these inaccuracies at every step. He says it is bad taste for a man to wear diamonds "even as shirt buttons." It might surprise him to learn that a diamond frequently decorates the shirt or scarf of Englishmen whose taste nobody would dream of calling in question.

But what are the poor women to do? M. de Laveleye argues that, as men now wear a black dress coat instead of the fine apparel of their forefathers, "a similar change ought to be wrought" in feminine attire. "Fashions vary every spring!" cries this moralist, with a horror and indignation not unworthy of Bossuet. How is this outrageous system to be altered? Fashion has "its root in vanity," and we must

and other "matters of mind" in a linen tunic, but in her mode of life she can scarcely be called the prototype of Quaker simplicity. M. de Laveleye has mixed up a number of things which have no logical connection. When we say that he supposes the "rational dress," which has been so much discussed by ladies in recent years, to be designed for the purpose of extinguishing the fashions, and making every woman wear this year exactly what she wore last year, it is scarcely necessary to give further illustrations of his total ignorance of the female mind.

But even more singular is M. de Laveleye's attitude towards art. He admits that we must nourish the love of the beautiful, and he thinks this can be done for next to nothing. How charming is a terra-cotta ornament, the material of which has "cost less than a halfpenny"! But if an artist has taken that piece of terra-cotta in hand, does M. de Laveleye imagine that his halfpenny will buy it? The popular painter asks

a great price for his picture. Is he criminal, according to M. de Laveleye's code of ethics? Is our living to be so simple that a Millais must be sold for a song? What rational scheme of social reform can be carried out which would make it a piece of unpardonable luxury for a connoisseur to give some thousands of pounds for a painting by a successful master? Diamonds cannot possibly be cheapened to meet the views of philosophers, so M. de Laveleye suggests that the multitude of workmen engaged in the lapidary trade should devote themselves to the production of flannel and corn. But what conceivable "current of opinion" is to force people to dislike diamonds, and how is one great industry to be destroyed and everybody concerned in it to be thrust into other industries, which would be deranged by this influx of labour? There is no answer to these questions in M. de Laveleye's book. We have instead the anecdote that he once "expressed a wish that instead of having feet which we must constantly protect from stones and thorns, as well as from damp, we might have horses' hoofs," and so dispense with shoes and stockings and all their attendant discomforts." This is a good illustration of M. de Laveleye's method of thinking. He is always wishing for impossible things, and quoting irrelevant stories. There is much, alas! in our civilisation which is unworthy of reasonable beings; but a philosopher who craves for a horse's hoofs instead of feet, and wants his terra-cotta for a halfpenny, does not give us either an elevated ideal or a practical benefit.

The remains of the late Mr. A. W. Kinglake, the historian, were cremated on Jan. 8 at

the Crematorium, Woking. A special funeral service was held at half past ten at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, which was attended by many friends of the deceased who were unable to proceed to Woking. Among those present were the Duke of Bedford, Captain Kinglake (the chief mourner), Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Kinglake, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. H. Lecky.

During the ninety years of the present century there have been nine notable winters in England, and since 1860 they have been of decennial recurrence. In 1811 the thermometer remained constantly below freezing-point for twelve days. Three years later occurred the greatest frost of the century. It began Dec. 26, 1813, and for thirty-one days the thermometer never rose above freezing-point. On Jan. 15 the mail-coach from London reached Huntingdon drawn by ten horses. It was several days late, and entirely filled with letters. On Feb. 2 the Thames was crowded with people; a sheep was roasted on the ice, and sold at 1s. the slice, 6d. being charged for admission to view. Booths were erected, and a regular fair was held until Feb. 6, when a complete thaw took place all over the country. Subsequent great frosts have taken place in 1838, 1855, 1860-61, 1870-71, 1879-80, 1881, and 1890-91.



A SLOVAK VILLAGE MAIDEN (AUSTRIAN EMPIRE).

change "the current of opinion." Let women be so instructed that they will turn their attention to "matters of mind," and like the modern man they will cease to find pleasure in feathers and finery. To which we can hear some sprightly damsel retort: "The modern man, indeed! He is much more often at his tailor's than at his prayers." M. de Laveleye, it must be confessed, knows as little of the modern man as he does of the modern woman, and we can only suppose that he founds his notion of masculine garb on the garments of philosophers at Brussels. The worthy reformer gravely assures us that, as feminine vanity was cured "among the Quakers and in the monasteries" by Christianity, so the same miracle may be wrought to-day by "the sense of justice allied to the culture of reason." And then, with delightful agility, he springs from Christianity to the period of "classical antiquity," when women were "content with the linen tunic and the chlamys of fine wool." No doubt Helen of Troy, and Phryne, and many ladies of similar notoriety, wore these simple garments, but we have never heard that they were models of propriety in consequence. Sappho cultivated poetry



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 No. 12.—Brass Umbrella Stand, with Gong, 35s.

No. 13.—6 ft. Oak Sideboard, with Bevelled Silvered Glass, £11 15s.
 No. 14.—Oak Dining Chair, with carving in back, covered best morocco, 35s.
 No. 15.—Solid Mahogany Dining Table, with patent screw, 8 ft. by 14 ft., £5 5s.
 No. 16.—Carved Oak Flap Tables, 20s.
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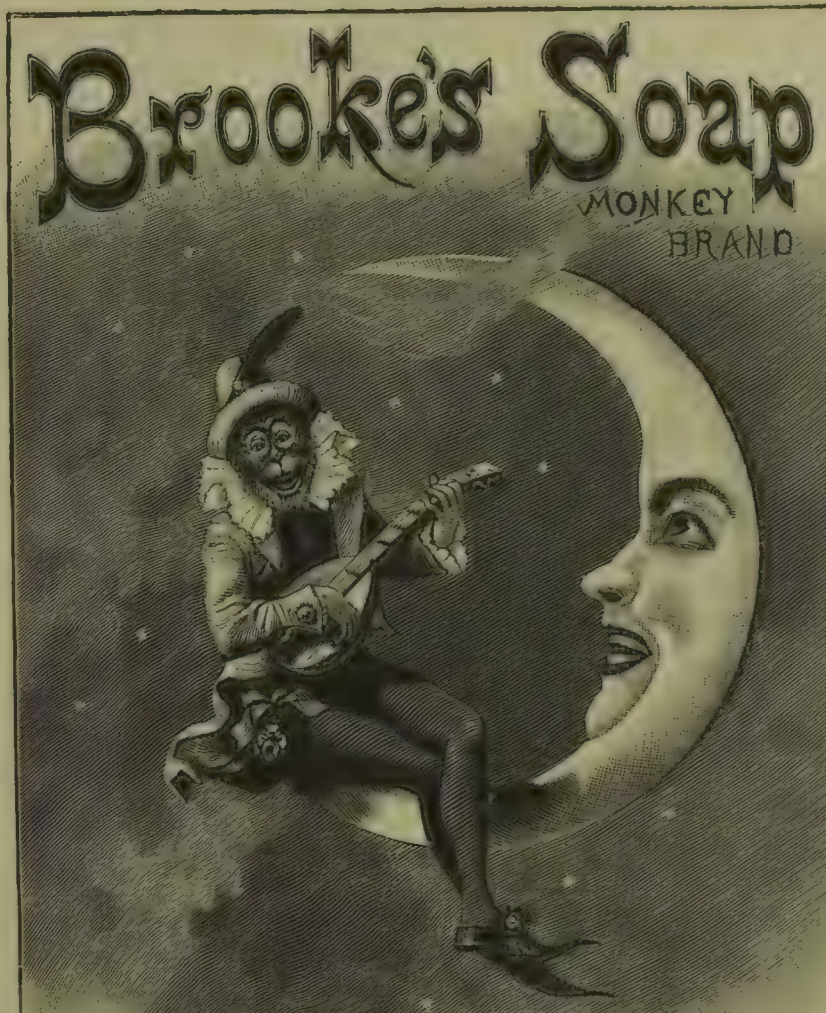
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We're a capital couple the Moon and I,
 I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky:
 And we both declare, as half the world knows,
 Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 25, 1878), with a codicil (executed the same day), of the Right Hon. Hannah, Countess of Rosebery, late of 33, Berkeley-square, who died at Dalmeny, near Edinburgh, on Nov. 19 last, has been proved by the Earl of Rosebery, the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £724,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to her grandmother, Mrs. Cohen, her aunts Louisa Cohen and Lucy Cohen, and to her uncle John Samuel; £200 to her great-aunt Rebecca Samuel; an annuity of £300 to Dorette Morek; a picture, "Il Suono," by Murillo, to her cousin Ferdinand de Rothschild; and some object of art or vertu (to be selected by her husband) to her cousin Leopold de Rothschild and to her said uncle Mr. Samuel. Subject to the before-mentioned legacies, she appoints, gives, devises, and bequeaths all the property of whatever description over which she has a disposing power to her husband. At the death of the Earl of Rosebery £1000 is to be set aside, for so long as the law allows, to maintain the graves of her father and mother.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1878) of the Hon. Sir John Walter Huddleston, one of the Justices of the High Court of Justice, late of 43, Ennismore-gardens, and The Grange, Ascot Heath, who died on Dec. 5 last, has been proved by the Duke of St. Albans and Sir Henry James, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £64,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, furniture, pictures, books, horses, carriages, harness, consumable stores, and all other property whatsoever that may be in and about his residence and the stabling, and an immediate legacy of £1000, to his wife, Lady Diana Huddleston; and £250 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for such person or persons, and in such manner and form, as she may by her last will and testament give and bequeath the same.

The will (dated March 13, 1884) of Mr. Andrew George Kurtz, of Grove House, Wavertree, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on Dec. 23 by the executors, George Russell Rogerson, J.P., John Andrew Edward Rayner, and Roderick Rayner, the gross personalty being sworn at £257,698 13s. The testator directs his executors to offer for sale to the National Gallery his collection of pictures at the price he gave for them, and bequeaths to the British Museum his collection of autographs "for the benefit of the nation"; his musical library he gives to John Andrew Edward Rayner and Roderick Rayner; to his cousin, Julia Williams Turner, he gives the use during her

lifetime of his house at Penmaenmawr, called Glan-y-mor, with reversion to his goddaughter, Helena Susannah Matthews. The legacies are as follows: Edward Waterworth and Henry Rawlinson, £300 each; Julia Williams Turner, £500; Susannah Kurtz Rayner, £1000; Helena Susannah Matthews, £10,000; and to the other children of Roderick and Susannah Kurtz Rayner, £5000 each; the daughters of Hester Crompton, £3000; Martha Crompton, £500; and an annuity of £1000 to Julia Williams Turner, with the reversion in the capital set aside for such annuity to Helena Susannah Matthews, absolutely. His business and the capital employed therein as a chemical and alkali manufacturer, with the freehold upon which the business is carried on, he bequeaths to John Andrew Edward Rayner; and the residue is devised, upon trust, for John Andrew Edward Rayner, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1886) of Mr. Moss Joshua, formerly of 7, St. James's-place, and late of 41, Half Moon-street, who died on Dec. 15 last, at 8, Clanricarde-gardens, was proved on Jan. 1 by Joshua Michael Joshua and Samuel Joshua, the brothers, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £108,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his brothers, Joshua Michael Joshua, Samuel Joshua, and Abraham Joshua, upon trust, to pay and provide the £1500 per annum he has covenanted to pay his wife; and to set apart £5000 for each of his six sisters, the said sums to be held, upon trust, for them respectively for their lives, and then to be divided between their respective children in equal shares. The ultimate residue is to be divided between the two sons of his brother Samuel in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1886) of Mr. Theophilus Lindsey Aspland, late of Deepdale, Reigate, who died on Dec. 12 last, was proved on Jan. 7 by Lindsey Middleton Aspland, Q.C., and Robert Harris, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £51,000. The testator bequeaths his books, pictures, furniture, plate, household goods and chattels, and £15,000 to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Aspland; and £200 to each of his executors. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth to his sister Sara Middleton Marillier; one fifth between the sons of his brother Robert Brook Aspland; one fifth to the children of his brother Algernon Sydney Aspland; one fifth to the children of his sister Caroline Harris; and out of the remaining one fifth part, £500 to Lees Aspland, and the remainder thereof to Robert Aspland, the sons of his brother Alfred.

The will (dated June 14, 1887) of Miss Caroline Gardiner Findlay, formerly of Highbury, and late of 37, Montpelier-road, Brighton, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Jan. 3 by

Walter Rivington, the nephew, and Charles Robert Rivington, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £47,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to the Sussex County Hospital; her furniture and effects, except a few articles specifically bequeathed, to her niece, Emily Sweeting; £3000, upon trust, for her said niece, for life, and then for her four children; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one moiety to each of her sisters, Ann Lancaster Rivington and Harriet Henshaw, for their respective lives; and, subject thereto, for her nephews and nieces, George Rivington, Walter Rivington, Jane Rivington, Arthur Travers Gage Parkinson, Helen Mary Webster, Felix Halls Parkinson, Elizabeth Henshaw, and Anna Maria Williams, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 6, 1887), with a codicil (dated July 31, 1888), of Mrs. Ellen Busk, late of 32, Harley-street, who died on Oct. 29 last, at Hurst Lea, Albury Heath, near Guildford, was proved on Jan. 2 by Miss Elinor Busk, the daughter, and Henry Herbert Browell, the nephew, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testatrix gives £100 to her executor, Mr. Browell; and the residue of her property to her daughters, Ellen Martha, Elinor, and Frances, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 23, 1890) of Mr. Frederick Charles Maitland, late of 55, Curzon-street, Mayfair, who died on Aug. 31 last, at East Grinstead, was proved on Jan. 6 by Colonel Keith Ramsay Maitland, the nephew, Keith Ramsay Maitland, the great-nephew, and Henry Churchill Maxwell Lyte, C.B., the stepson, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to members of his family and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to one moiety for his said nephew, Colonel K. R. Maitland, for life, and then for his children, Keith Ramsay Maitland, Agnes Mary Maitland, and Caroline Charlotte Maitland, as tenants in common; and as to the other moiety to divide the same between John Nisbet Maitland, George Keith Maitland, Alice Rachel Maitland, and Susan Rachel Maitland, the children of his late nephew, George Ramsay Maitland, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 28, 1883), with a codicil (dated March 25, 1886), of Mr. Rowland Nevitt Bennett, late of Brighton and of Lincoln's Inn, who died on Nov. 30 last, was proved on Jan. 3 by Rowland Nevitt Bennett, the son, and Colonel Henry Brougham Chalmers, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture and effects to his wife; £4000, in addition to £1000 he has already given to

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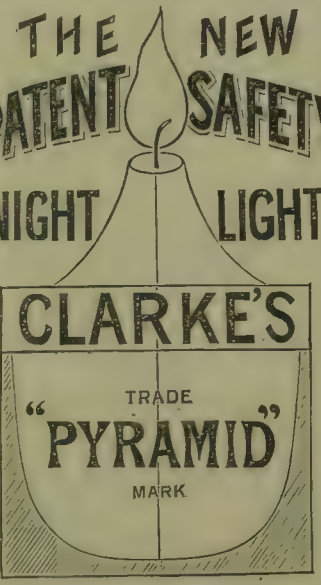
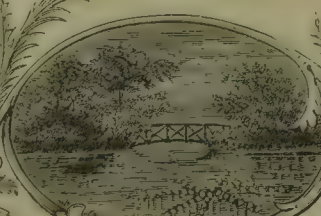
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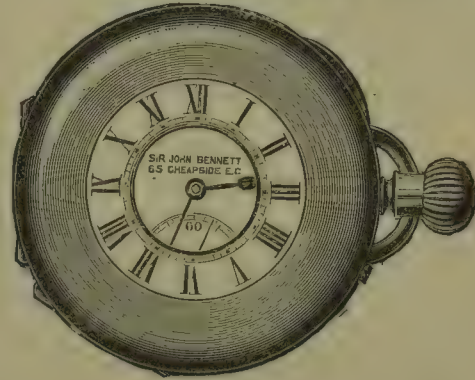
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AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

The letter which Mr. Sydney Grundy published a few days ago in a contemporary is, perhaps, an important landmark in the history of criticism. For some time past the relations of author and critic have gradually become strained, but it has been left to the stage to bring the matter to a head. It is now some months since an article in a leading monthly led to a violent discussion on the use and abuse of the actor-manager system: it was comparatively lately that the manager of a West-End theatre publicly appealed to an audience, attracted by a widely circulated advertisement, against the decision of one of the most prominent and authoritative dramatic critics of the day. It has devolved upon Mr. Sydney Grundy, after the partial failure of a play which, may be, deserved a more cordial reception than it received, to crown the discussion in a letter which barely redeems, by the calmness of certain of its passages, the virulent animosity of its general tone. "I hate him!" "I hate him!" "I hate him!" cries the dramatic author, as he hurls upon his critic the thunders of an indignation that can scarcely escape the accusation of hysteria.

Now, all this would, perhaps, be rather less than amusing, if it were not, at the same time, rather more than serious. It is interesting enough to notice how it is beginning: it is a matter for earnest consideration when we reflect how it will end. By the general verdict upon such outbursts as these, it will be left for the coming generation to decide two very important questions, upon which hangs the whole future of dramatic and, indeed, of general criticism. The questions are these: What has been the attitude of criticism in the past? What is to be the attitude of criticism in the future? Mr. Sydney Grundy is ready, in the special case, with an ample answer to the first question. "I hate Mr. Clement Scott," he says, "because he makes reckless and cruel and

wicked use of his grand opportunities. I hate him, because, having proved himself possessed of twenty talents, he buries them in the earth. I hate him, because I am a daily witness of the true hearts he wounds, of the weak and struggling whom he oppresses . . . of the impostors to whom he says, 'Come up higher!' . . . I hate him, because I consider him the curse of the contemporary stage."

If this were true, if a tithe of this were true, it were indeed a grievous fault; and grievously, no doubt, would the critic have to answer it. But when we turn to the evidence which Mr. Sydney Grundy brings to support his tremendous accusation, what a molehill has this Ossa become! What is the essence of his case against Mr. Clement Scott? Simply this, that the critic exalted "Jane" and abased "Norah Helmar"—that he preferred an English three-act farce to a Norwegian comedy of manners.

For his own part, the writer of these lines does not believe that a piece of the calibre of "Jane" is a cause for rejoicing among English critics or English audiences. Apart from any question of the delicacy of the dialogue, the farce of no manners, which puts into the mouth of improbable characters strangely impossible speeches, cannot be a credit to the stage or a genuine pleasure to the spectators. Its pictures resemble no single phase of life, and the dramatist is nothing if not an artist. We want less of this sort of thing if the drama is to maintain its repute.

But, on the other hand, the writer is not at all confident that the welfare of the English stage is to be forwarded by the production in London theatres of the social dramas of Henrik Ibsen. Excellent as those plays are for the private study, admirable as are their lessons as homilies of life, they are for the most part too earnest, too conscientiously didactic for promiscuous performance. "The Wild Duck" altogether transcends the necessary intensity of tragic gloom. "Ghosts" is a picture of horrors that a sensitive playgoer would find a difficulty in sitting through to its finish. Moreover, what we want upon a national stage is a national drama: the drama, it may be, of Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Robert Buchanan, but not the drama of Count Lyof Tolstoi or of Henrik Ibsen.

But, when all is said and done, it is the spirit rather than the actual text of the attack of author upon critic which demands the closest consideration. The centre of seriousness in the whole matter is this—that a dramatic author has accused of intolerance, of favouritism, of universal injustice, a critic who has given the best work of his life to an attempted

regeneration of the English stage. The language of Mr. Grundy's letter may have been an accident of the moment; it may have been—let us hope it was—the outcome of an unusual enthusiasm for his theme, which led him to eloquence which he will regret in his calmer hours. But the spirit of the accusation is there, demanding an answer.

An idea seems to have been gaining ground during the last few months which, if it once obtains a permanent hold upon authors, will destroy the very foundations of all our criticism. It seems to be an understood thing that every unfavourable notice of a book or a play must needs be answered by the author himself in an elaborate defence of his position. The sequel is an unseemly controversy, which fills the columns of the daily papers at the expense of the dignity and self-respect of author and critic alike.

But if criticism is to have its perfect work among us, if it is to remain true to the high traditions of its past just at the time when we stand most in need of it, these unbecoming and unprofitable discussions must be stamped out at once and for ever. Let us pause for a moment, and think where we shall end. Let us turn to France, and learn our lesson there. At this very moment Paris is agitated by a quarrel which is a pure *reductio ad absurdum* of the intolerance of an author towards dramatic criticism. Henri Becque, the dramatist, whose success in "La Parisienne" has raised him into sudden prominence, has brought an action for libel against Frédérique Sarcy for saying, in the *Temps*, that there was "no money" in a certain piece of Becque's. Sarcy, on his part, readily defies the dramatist, declaring that he will repeat the same criticism, if he have equally true reason for doing so, when Becque's forthcoming drama is produced.

Are the *foyers* of English theatres upon first nights to become the arena, not for harmless wrestling-matches between members of the audience, but for duels to the death between authors and their critics?

Really, this kind of thing is not only absurd, it is unmanly, it is thoroughly un-English. It has always been characteristic of an Englishman that he knew how to take a thrashing when he met his better: it has never been his custom to thrash the question out in the morning newspapers, or drag it into the unequal light of the law-courts. Nor do we believe that the English stage will allow it to be said of itself that, having done so much to foster the national character in the past, it was the first to encourage an importation of Continental manners into the country it has thought it an honour to serve.

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The results of Mr. C. Sainton's cruise upon wheels from the English Channel to the "Gulf of the Lion" are pleasantly recorded in a series of pictures and silver-points now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's galleries (160, New Bond-street). Mr. Sainton started from Dieppe in October 1889, in a regular "caravan" in true gypsy fashion, and worked his way slowly across France to Lyons, and thence onwards to Nice—passing by roads and villages far away from the highways of life and movement. In this way he was able to catch glimpses of the peasantry denied to ordinary travellers; and the records of his travels, as we read them by the aid of his brush and graver, are interesting and instructive.

The subjects of the oil-paintings, all of which are of minute dimensions, as required by the exigencies of caravan-travel, are, for the most part, taken from field-life in the South of France. The vineyards, the olive groves, the colza fields all furnish themes of colour of which Mr. Sainton has dexterously availed himself; and one of his chief merits as a colourist is that he conveys not only a direct idea of the scene he evokes, but he gives at the same time

proof of his own clearness and truth of vision. One sees that the colours are transferred at once from the palette to the canvas, and that by no subsequent manipulation in the bright, broad effects produced. For instance, the "Vineyard in January" (75), which is one of most complicated schemes of colour, calls up at once the sense of shady rest which even in that month is pleasant under the dark-leaved olive-trees, the barrenness of the yellow vineyard soil, in which the brown canes seem incapable of bearing fruit again, and the distant hills, which reflect every tone of the evening sky. "The Colza-Pickers" (68), "A Shepherdess" (85), and "Haymaking" (104) are other carefully selected and boldly executed renderings of French sky and landscape, all bearing the mark of distinct thought and not less of happy inspiration.

As a figure-painter, Mr. Sainton first attracted notice a year or two ago; and, although he has, perforce, reduced the size of pictures almost to that of miniatures, he has not, in his various scenes, deprived the figures of either prominence or character. They play their parts naturally, often gracefully, and sometimes even with that innate poetry of pose which marks the Provençal peasantry. As a type of what Mr. Sainton

can achieve in this way, we would pick out the little eager-eyed girl standing against a sun-baked wall, whom one can well represent as saying, with the air of confident superiority, to her sister or companion, "How much have you got?" (107). Although very minute, the figure is solid and broadly drawn, and altogether forms an excellent climax to the series of oil-paintings.

In his silver-point drawings Mr. Sainton shows to what extent he is prepared to push the delicacy of his art. In many cases the exceedingly soft outlines scarcely do justice to the gracefulness of the figures, and Mr. Sainton should bear in mind that it is a condition precedent of a joy-giving thing of beauty that it should be visible without effort. Silver-point is, by its very nature, intended for only the most delicate work, and for such half-ideal studies as the "Village Beauty" (41) and the study of a "Woman's Head" (51). We recognise frankly Mr. Sainton's aim. In such drawings, however, as the "Innkeeper's Daughter" (12), a "Boy Gleaning" (13), and "A House to Let" (24), we honestly confess that a little greater emphasis of treatment would not have lessened the attractiveness of the work.



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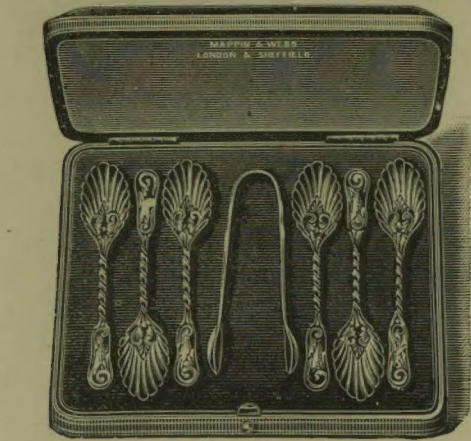
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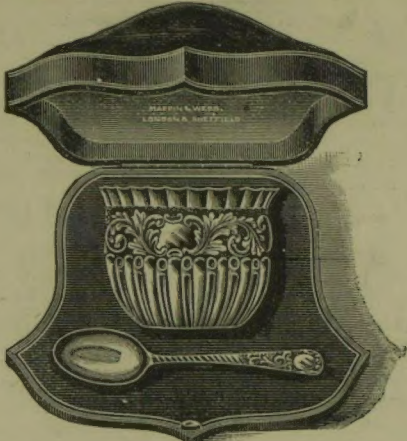
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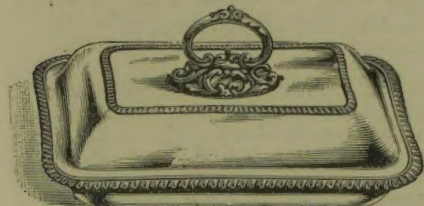
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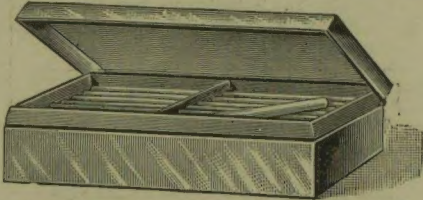
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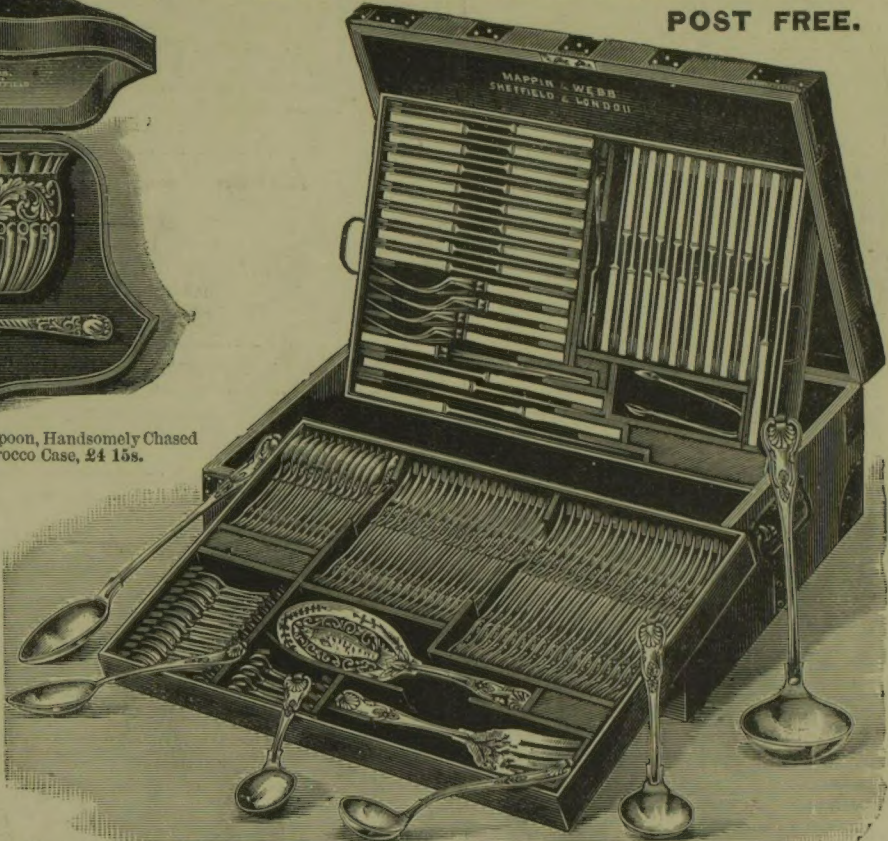
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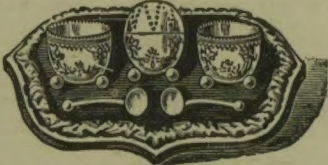
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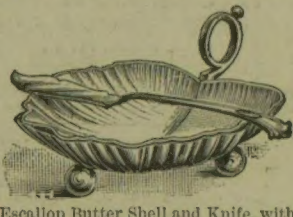
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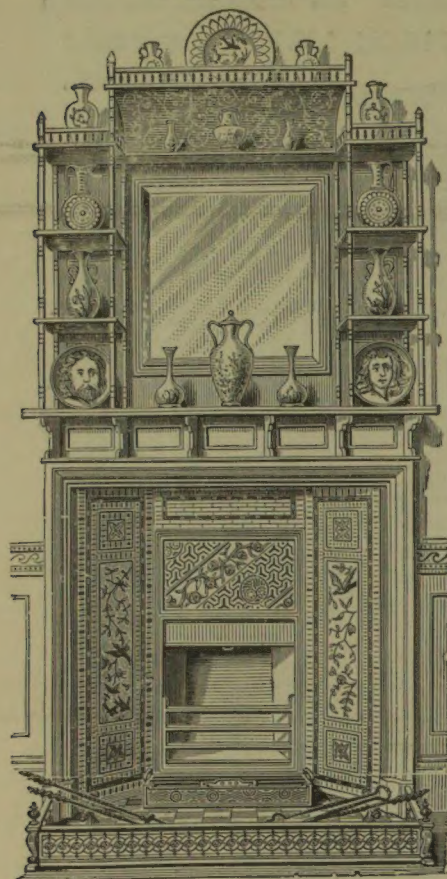
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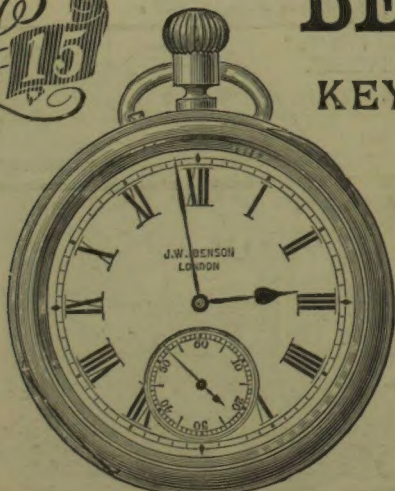
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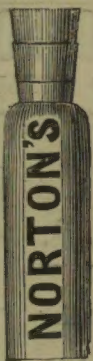
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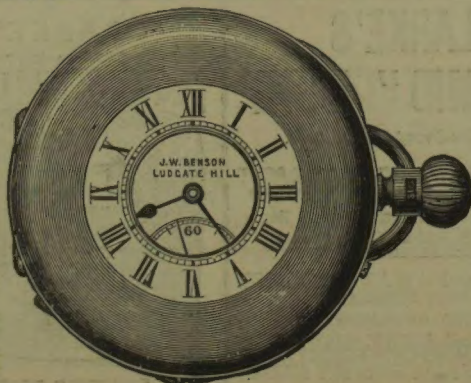
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